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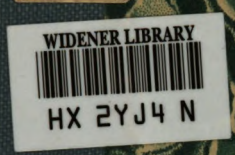

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No. 131.

THE WOMAN-HATER

A Farcical Comedy in Four Acts

BY

DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD

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THE WOMAN-HATER

A Farcical Comedy in Four Acts

BY

DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD

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Originally performed at Denver, Col., July 31, 1886, by John T. Raymond, who produced it at Rochester, N. Y., September 4, 1886, and played it on tour until his death, in April, his last appearance being at Hopkinsville, Ky., April 7, 1886, in "The Woman-Hater."

First performed in England by Edward Terry at Newcastle-on-Tyne, September 1, 1887.

First performed by Roland Reed, September 1, 1887, at Newport, R. I., and produced in New York at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, February 27, 1888, with the following cast:

SAMUEL BUNDY	Roland Reed.
PROFESSOR HORACE MULLBRIDGE	Harry A. Smith.
DR. LANE	Ferd. Hight.
GEORGE DOBBINS	A. C. Deltwyn.
TOM RIPLEY	Wm. C. Andrews.
ORLANDO HAWKINS	Julian Reed.
THOMPSON	W. W. Plum.
WILLIAM	C. N. Shaw.
JAMES	S. W. Gordon.
MRS. LUCY JOY	Miss Alice Hastings.
MISS ALICE LANE	Miss Annie Lewis.
MRS. WALTON	Miss Bessie Hunter.

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Scenes.

ACT I. Mrs. Joy's private apartments in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City.
Interval: One week.

ACT II. Same.
Interval: Two weeks.

ACT III. Parlors, Fifth Avenue Hotel.
Interval: One hour.

ACT IV. Consultation room, Dr. Lane's house, Washington Heights, New York City.

NOTE.

Everything in the latter half of this play touching upon commitments for insanity is based upon a careful study of the law.

Nothing could be more surely fatal to a play of this kind than to introduce an insane person or to seem to make sport of insanity. This has been avoided with scrupulous care. But for a number of sane people to believe one another for a time to be insane, as more especially in the last act, is an inevitably comic effect.

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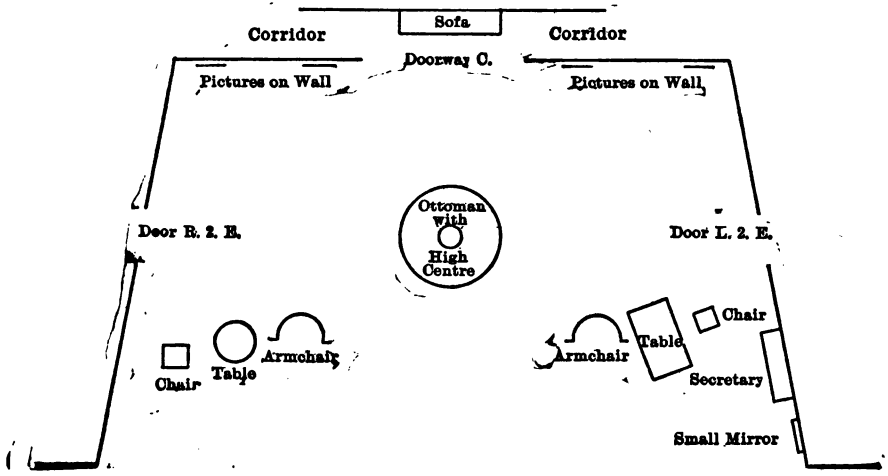
ACTS I & II



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THE WOMAN-HATER

ACT I

SCENE:—MRS. JOY'S *private apartments in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Curtain discovers* PROF. MULLBRIDGE *standing up stage at right looking at picture,* MRS. WALTON *in armchair* L., RIPLEY *standing, leaning over table, and talking to her. All in evening dress.*

MRS. WALTON. (L. C. *widow of forty, sister of* MULLBRIDGE, *sentimental and foolish. Flattered by attentions of* BUNDY *whom she supposes to be in love with her. Is fanning herself.*) Mr. Bundy and Mr. Dobbins are lingering some *time* over their wine.

(WILLIAM *enters at back with tray, coming from right, serves coffee to* MRS. WALTON *and* RIPLEY *first, then* MULLBRIDGE, *then brings tray back and leaves it on table and exit.*)

RIPLEY. (L. *twenty-three years old, nephew of* BUNDY, *rich, enthusiastic student of medicine. In love with* MISS LANE.) Yes, Mrs. Walton, quarrelling as usual I suppose. Let me help you. (*gives her a cup of coffee.*) How many lumps?

MRS. WALTON. Two please. (RIPLEY *puts sugar in her cup and helps himself*) It's strange they don't get along better together, Mr. Ripley. They've known each other so long.

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RIPLEY. Oh, Uncle and Mr. Dobbins are the best of friends. They like to quarrel because they know their friendship will stand any strain. They were in the coffee trade on Front Street side by side for eighteen years, and never missed their daily dispute.

MRS. WALTON. But don't you care for wine, Mr. Ripley?

RIPLEY. (*with just the suggestion of a sigh*) Not now.

MRS. WALTON. But surely you *smoke?*

RIPLEY. (*same business*) Not now.

MULLBRIDGE. (R. *ex-professor, middle-aged bachelor, brother of* MRS. WALTON, *his manner rather heavy and solemn, and at the same time nervous and uneasy. Aside*) That young man's in love. (*moves over towards centre*)

MRS. WALTON. (*to* MULLBRIDGE) But, Horace, you *always* sit over your *wine* after dinner.

MULLBRIDGE. (*uneasy manner*) Not now.

MRS. WALTON. But you *always* smoke.

MULLBRIDGE. Not now. (*aside*) I was too nervous to sit there any longer. (*moves off towards right and drinks his coffee*)

MRS. WALTON. (*low voice*) Mr. Ripley, my brother acts so strangely—he can't *sleep,* and he seems *so* nervous and *queer.*

RIPLEY. (*low voice*) Dyspepsia, perhaps. (MRS. WALTON *shakes her head gravely*) I'd like to look at his tongue, but I suppose I couldn't ask him to put it out in company.

MRS. WALTON. And when do you graduate from the medical college, Mr. Ripley?

RIPLEY. Next year. Oh, I am so anxious for the time when I shall have a patient of my own—all to myself.

MRS. WALTON. You're so enthusiastic. I dote on enthusiasm.

RIPLEY. (*earnestly*) Do you know that you have two hundred and forty bones in your body?

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MRS. WALTON. Good gracious, Mr. Ripley! You frighten me.

MULLBRIDGE. But is it true that your uncle is such a woman-hater that he—er—shuns the society of ladies?

(*Enter* DOBBINS *at back from* R.)

MRS. WALTON. (*complacently*) I hadn't noticed it.

MULLBRIDGE. They say he's really opposed to marriage.

RIPLEY. (*sighs*) I am afraid so.

DOBBINS. (L. C. *retired coffee merchant, about* BUNDY'S *age. Bachelor cousin of* MRS. JOY, *if possible smaller than* BUNDY, *mild mannered man, evening dress*) Yes, when Samuel Bundy has been married, I shall expect to act as best man for the Pope.

(*Enter* MRS. JOY *at* R. 2 E.)

MRS. JOY. (R. C. *widow of thirty-five, cousin of* DOBBINS. *Dinner toilet*) You must pardon me. I thought I should be gone only a moment.

(RIPLEY *puts his cup down on table* L. C., *takes* MRS. WALTON'S *and puts it down.* MULLBRIDGE *puts his down and moves up stage* C.)

DOBBINS. (*is at the coffee-tray*) May I help you, Cousin Lucy?

MRS. JOY. Thank you. (*seats herself, arm-chair at right*)

MRS. WALTON. Charming little dinner you gave us to-night, Mrs. Joy. (DOBBINS *takes coffee to* MRS. JOY. *Helps himself and goes and sits by her*)

MRS. JOY. Thank you. (*sighs*) It was just such a little dinner as John used to like so much—John was my first husband you know—Dear me, if it hadn't been for his little dinners, he might have been alive to-day. And Dick too used to like them so much—too much. Dick was my second husband you know. It was little dinners with him too. How

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both the dear men would have enjoyed being here to-night.

DOBBINS. (R. *aside*) Both! Well that might have been awkward.

MRS. JOY. (R. C.) I wanted to have all my friends in the hotel together again before we break up for the summer.

MRS. WALTON. (L.) Yes, I suppose we shall all be going soon.

DOBBINS. We'll have to do it, I suppose, but I don't know where we'll find the comfort of the old Fifth Avenue.

MULLBRIDE. (*is looking at picture through eye-glass, turns suddenly, enthusiastically*) Yes, they cook *fish* so nice! and *game* so nice! (*turns again to picture*)

MRS. WALTON. We were just debating whether Mr. Bundy was *really* a woman-hater or not.

MRS. JOY. I've always thought so. But now he's in a fair way to be cured. (*looking towards* MRS. WALTON *who looks confused.* MRS. JOY *continues in low voice to* DOBBINS) I never saw anything like it. I put Mr. Bundy at my right to-night and he hardly looked at me from the oysters to the pineapples, but devoted himself to Mrs. Walton. And did you notice that he changed his seat yesterday in the dining-room so as to look directly in her face?

DOBBINS. (*protesting*) You don't suppose, Cousin Lucy—

MRS. JOY. Yes, Cousin George—and he turned his back upon me. I saw it all in the mirror. I expect the cards almost any day.

DOBBINS. For whist, yes; for a wedding, never.

MRS. JOY. (*louder tone*) Well, I'm sure the women are far from hating Mr. Bundy. He's just the right age for a husband, forty-five. Don't you think so, Mrs. Walton?

MRS. WALTON. (*embarrassed*) A nice age certainly.

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MRS. JOY. He's amiable, rich, stands high in society, and I believe could be easily managed. What do you think, MRS. Walton?

MRS. WALTON. (*with just a little stiffness*) I never thought anything about it, MRS. Joy. (RIPLEY *comes down and talks with* MRS. WALTON)

MRS. JOY. He would be a husband who would never be any bother. (*lower tone to* DOBBINS) And now what do you suppose was my object in giving this dinner, and the theatre party to-night?

DOBBINS. Why, I presume, to give us pleasure.

MRS. JOY. My dear Cousin George, did you ever go to a dinner party that hadn't something behind it? I wanted to satisfy myself whether this was so or not. I'm going to make an excuse to take these people away. Then you can talk to Mr. Bundy and sound him. Now don't get to quarrelling with him and forget all about it. I have a reason for wanting to know. (*a little sigh*) She'll be a very good wife for him, I dare say. She has one of these soft and pillowy dispositions—(*gives* DOBBINS *her cup, both rise*)

DOBBINS. I'll do it. But the result won't be what you expect. (*going across to table with cups. Aside*) Bundy! (*laughs*) Really, women know nothing of human nature—nothing. (*puts cups on table*)

(*Enter* WILLIAM *at back coming from right, collects cups on salver and exit* C. *at back to* R.)

MRS. JOY. Oh, I promised that we would all make a little call upon the Pierces. (MRS. WALTON *rises*) We have half an hour before we need to start for the theatre—Professor Mullbridge will you—

MULLBRIDGE. (*quickly offering his arm to* MRS. JOY) I shall be delighted, Mrs. Joy. (*aside*) I can come back and talk to Bundy. (*they move towards* L. 2 E.)

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MRS. JOY. Come, Mrs. Walton and Mr. Ripley.

RIPLEY. (*joins* MRS. WALTON, *aside*) Now, I may miss Uncle. (*exeunt* RIPLEY *and* MRS. WALTON L. 2 E.)

MRS. JOY. (*near* L. 2 E.) We'll leave you, Cousin George, to entertain Mr. Bundy. I see him coming. (*exeunt* MRS. JOY *and* MULLBRIDGE *at* L. 2 E.)

(*Enter* BUNDY *at back coming from right.*)

DOBBINS. (L. C.) Well, Bundy, it's Ladies' Night at the club. (*enter* WILLIAM *at back from* R. *with two newspapers on salver*) No chance for our game of whist.

BUNDY. (R. C. *retired coffee merchant, bachelor of forty-five, evening dress. Growling*) Women at a club!

WILLIAM. (*offering newspapers to them in turn*) The latest editions, gentlemen. (BUNDY *and* DOBBINS *take papers and sit down,* BUNDY *at right,* DOBBINS *at left. Exit* WILLIAM *at back to* R.)

BUNDY. (*looking over paper*) "Heavy damages in a breach of promise suit." Always some trouble on account of women. "Dissensions in a church." (*to* DOBBINS) I venture to say that women are the cause of two-thirds of the bankruptcies, fires, crimes and railroad accidents in this paper.

DOBBINS. Samuel, here is an article you ought to read—by Professor Proctor—the astronomer—on whist. (*crosses, folding and holding out paper,* BUNDY *does not take it*)

BUNDY. What does a fellow like *that* know about *whist!*

DOBBINS. Well, you know I've formed my style in whist upon yours, and it always seemed a scientific game. But he describes a kind of game which he says isn't real whist at all and I am pained, Samuel, to see that that is our game. (BUNDY *glares at him without speaking*) He calls it—Bumblepuppy.

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BUNDY. (*rising*) What!

DOBBINS. (*retreats a step or two*) It's not my word you understand—but I think if we have been playing Bumblepup—(*fierce little movement by* BUNDY) if we have been playing that kind of a game for eighteen years it's time we found it out.

BUNDY. You're always getting some notion in your head.

DOBBINS. (*silent for a moment, while he presents comic spectacle of a very mild-mannered man getting angry and beginning to assert himself*) Samuel Bundy, on most subjects I'm as mild as an oyster.

BUNDY. Humph! I know you are.

DOBBINS. But I have opinions—

BUNDY. (*growling*) I never saw an oyster that looked as if he had opinions!

DOBBINS. (*solemnly, with great dignity and growing anger, which he has the appearance of restraining*) We've quarrelled every night for eighteen years. *My* patience is exhausted.

BUNDY. That's what you have said every time.

DOBBINS. This time I mean it.

BUNDY. You've said that every time.

DOBBINS. But this time is the *last.*

BUNDY. Ditto! Don't bother me about this. I want to read my newspaper.

DOBBINS. I've endured it long enough. I'm not surprised to find your whist nothing but Bumblepuppy!

BUNDY. Dobbins!

DOBBINS. (*rage*) You carry the bumble*puppy*ism of your amusements into your daily life till it is simply too bumblepuppy*istic* to be borne! (BUNDY *speechless with anger.* DOBBINS *moves toward* L. 2 E.) Bumblepuppyist!

(*Exit at* L. 2 E. *promptly.*)

BUNDY. (*looking after* DOBBINS) And to think that that man is a good judge of coffee; bah! (*drops*

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into chair at R. *of table* L. *keeping newspaper in his hand and turning to it occasionally*)

(*Enter* RIPLEY C. *at back from* L.)

RIPLEY. (L. *looking off. Aside*) I managed to get away. (*hesitatingly*) Uncle, I wanted to speak to you about something important. (*sits on* L. *of ottoman*)

BUNDY. (*crosses* R.) You don't want to feel my pulse—or examine my heart—

RIPLEY. No, no. (*turning in seat*)

BUNDY. (*looking at paper again*) I'm getting a little tired of that. (*sits* R.)

RIPLEY. You know I am twenty-three now.

BUNDY. Yes.

RIPLEY. —and if I marry without your consent under twenty-five, I lose half of my income under father's will.

BUNDY. Yes.

RIPLEY. (*hesitatingly*) Well—er—you remember I was a Mugwump. (*laughing*)

BUNDY. Tom Ripley, you want to get something out of me!

RIPLEY. I want to ask your consent.

BUNDY. Eh?

RIPLEY. She's a lovely girl, Uncle—

BUNDY. Nonsense; wait till you know a little more about life.

RIPLEY. But I don't want to. I know too much about it now.

BUNDY. Why, you haven't got your diploma yet.

RIPLEY. That's true, but I can study better if I'm married! My mind will be—a—more at rest—(*very earnestly*) Do you know what would happen if the blood were shut off completely from your brain?

BUNDY. I wish you wouldn't talk to me like that!

RIPLEY. (*rising and crossing over to right*) I

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wish you were married, or were ever likely to be. Then you'd sympathize with me.

BUNDY. (*earnestly, crosses* L.) Well, if I ever did marry, it would be somebody of experience and discretion—like—a—Oh, like—a—Mrs. Walton, for example. She's been married before, and she's forty years old.

RIPLEY. (R.) But you don't expect me to marry a woman who has been married before and is forty years old!

BUNDY. (L. *impatiently*) Oh, I know—but to marry some young thing— (*sits* L.)

RIPLEY. (R.) She's a lovely girl, Uncle. You don't even know her name.

BUNDY. (L.) I don't need to.

RIPLEY. (R.) We met at Long Beach last summer.

BUNDY. Oh, I dare say—Well, Tom, I'll make a bargain with you. (*rises*) You can be married (RIPLEY *smiles showing great delight*) as soon as—I am. (RIPLEY *changes countenance*)

RIPLEY. That's a nice prospect for me.

BUNDY. It's not impossible.

RIPLEY. Why, the whole hotel knows you as a woman-hater.

BUNDY. (*his face works. Winks at himself. Aside*) I wish I could tell him—But I can't. (*chuckling and winking to himself. Turns and walks back toward right*)

RIPLEY. (*going up* C. *aggrieved*) I'm sorry you should jest with me, sir, upon a subject which to me is sacred. (*exit at back* C. *crosses* L.)

(DOBBINS *enters at* L. 2 E. *Moment's pause and hesitation by* DOBBINS *and* BUNDY. *Then both start towards each other, holding out their hands.*)

BUNDY AND DOBBINS. (*together*) Old man, I apologize! (*they shake hands violently*)

BUNDY. I'm the one to apologize.

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DOBBINS. (L. C.) No, no, Samuel. I'm the one.
BUNDY. (*firmly*) No, I'm the one.
DOBBINS. No, I am.

(*This quarrel kept up longer and very excitedly.*)

BUNDY. (*getting a little angry*) I say *I* am!
DOBBINS. (*soothingly*) Well, well, we won't quarrel about that.
BUNDY. I am not quarrelling; it is you who are quarrelling.
DOBBINS. You began the quarrel.
BUNDY. I did not begin the quarrel—You began it yourself. (*bus.*) Well, I apologize, that settles it! Now, suppose you apologize for a change. I'm not going to apologize here all the time.
DOBBINS. Samuel, I apologize.
BUNDY. I accept it.
DOBBINS. The ladies have gone around to make a short call—in the South corridor, and Mrs. Joy says we can sit right down here and get Mullbridge and Ripley to come in, and have a little game.
BUNDY. (*fiercely*) Game of what, sir?—Not a game of—
DOBBINS. (*protesting*) No, no, Samuel—of *whist*—real *whist*. (*gets a package of cards from secretary or bookcase at side and sits at* L. *of table.* BUNDY *takes chair* L. C. BUNDY *takes cards and runs them over*) —Well I'll go and get the others.
BUNDY. (*throwing down his cards*) No, no, it's no use. (*comes* C. DOBBINS, *astonished*) I can't play—
DOBBINS. (*rises,* L. *of table*) What's the matter?
BUNDY. Oh, nothing.
DOBBINS. (*aside*) Perhaps this is my chance—Do you know, you haven't seemed like yourself of late?
BUNDY. (*eagerly*) You've noticed it, eh? How have I acted? Queer?
DOBBINS. Well, perhaps not that exactly, but—

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BUNDY. I've a confession to make to you!—I'm in love!

DOBBINS. (*incredulously*) You!

BUNDY. I'm an impostor.

DOBBINS. (*stares at him a moment, then drops back into his seat. Aside*) I hope he's not out of his head.

BUNDY. (*still standing, leaning over towards* DOBBINS, *and talking very earnestly*) Dobbins, there's a side to my life you know nothing about. I've made you think I hated women and loathed marriage. It's all fraud and deceit. A woman-hater? I adore women! (*kisses his hand frantically in the air*)

DOBBINS. (*surprised*) And yet you have never married!

BUNDY. I have—twenty times—(DOBBINS *astonished*) —in fancy! I've had in imagination more wives than Brigham Young! and yet I never dared to propose to a woman in my life—but once, Dobbins!

DOBBINS. Nothing can astonish me now.

BUNDY. I'm a coward! (*sighs*) —There was Mrs. Parker—on the third floor—she was plump, gay, and had a good character from her last place.—I mean, her husband spoke of her handsomely in his will. She had just the temperament to have cured me of my absurd fancies! (*earnestly*) Dobbins, some men are cursed with a passion for drink, some are born dishonest and can no more help stealing than they can help having black hair. My curse is my imagination. For example—

DOBBINS. (*interrupting*) Yes, yes! But how about Mrs. Parker?

BUNDY. (*despairing look*) She accepted a Wall Street banker, while *I* was trying to decide whether our eldest son, if we had one, should go to Yale or Harvard. (DOBBINS *looks at him in astonishment*)— and then there was Mrs. Wendover, South

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corridor, second floor. I was on the very point of getting the courage to speak to her when I discovered that she was bitterly opposed to vaccination. I hesitated at the thought of the danger to which I should expose John and George and Henry and Lucy and Mary and——

DOBBINS. (*interrupting*) And who are they?

BUNDY. (*gloomily*) My imaginary children. (DOBBINS *stares at him in amazement*) Then too in time my grandchildren might be put in peril of their lives—little Annie and Baby Willie—(*sighs*) Her present husband is a member of the Board of Health and superintends the vaccination of the school children by the thousand.

DOBBINS. But you did propose once?

BUNDY. Yes, and there my luck pursued me. It was a widow I met at Saratoga—Mrs. Caroline Brewster. I tried to speak, but I couldn't. I came away and wrote her a formal proposal. That was three months ago. She never answered it.

DOBBINS. That was strange.

BUNDY. I believed that meant no. And since then my thoughts have—er—strayed in other directions. But a cold chill comes over me sometimes, when I think that perhaps the letter miscarried, and that it might reach her yet.

DOBBINS. (*reassuringly*) Oh, it's probably lost, you'll never hear of it.

BUNDY. She was an attractive woman—that Mrs. Brewster—and on a keen hunt for a husband. I met her there on one of my wedding tours.

DOBBINS. What?

BUNDY. (*solemnly*) George—I may as well tell you the worst—I used to take a Mackey's time-table and lay out routes for a wedding journey like Cook's tourists. I've gone and tried some of them to decide which I should prefer. Yes, sir, I've been on more than a dozen bridal tours—(*pause*) alone! (DOBBINS *rises and draws aside to* L. *corner. Looks at*

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DOBBINS *a moment*) —Well, what do you think of me?

(*All* BUNDY'S *foregoing account of himself should be given with the utmost possible earnestness and seriousness.*)

DOBBINS. Well, you can play whist with a man eighteen years and never get acquainted with him.

BUNDY. (*they approach each other near centre*) And here I am in love again. (*more cheerful tone*) Hope springs eternal, you know.

DOBBINS. (L.) Yes, I suspected that, your changing your seat—

BUNDY. (R. *eagerly*) Yes, turning my back on Mrs. Joy so that I can look at her in the mirror— (DOBBINS *astonished*)

DOBBINS. (*aside*) It wasn't what Cousin Lucy expected.

BUNDY. What do you think of it, Dobbins? It's gradual.

DOBBINS. (*looks at him a moment without speaking*) It's not too gradual if you are thinking of proposing to her granddaughter! (*aside*) so, it's my cousin— I'll bring this to a crisis somehow— (*aloud*) You've no time to lose.

BUNDY. Eh?

DOBBINS. Haven't you noticed Mullbridge's actions?

BUNDY. Does that fellow dare—

DOBBINS. Why not? And the man who dares usually gets the widow.

BUNDY. (*disgusted*) Mullbridge!

DOBBINS. (*interrupting*) There's only one thing to do. You must speak to her to-night.

BUNDY. Not to-night, Dobbins!

DOBBINS. Yes, to-night—and now! (*turning to go towards* L. 2 E.)

BUNDY. Give me more time, George.

DOBBINS. No, sir, I'm going to make an excuse to

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send her right in—Now have the courage of your convictions. (*exit laughing at* L. 2 E.)

BUNDY. I can't! (*Exit in terror at back going toward right*)

(*Knock at back. Repeated.*)

(*Enter* MISS LANE *at back, coming from left.*)

MISS LANE. (R. *summer street costume for evening—looking about.*) There seems to be no one here. (*surprised*) Why, this is not the room, unless they've been changing the furniture. Could I have made any mistake?

(*Enter* RIPLEY *promptly at* L. 2 E.)

RIPLEY. (L. *delighted*) Why, Birdie, what are you doing here? (*runs to her, as if to kiss her.*)

MISS LANE. (R.) No, no! (*points her parasol, which is closed, at him, to keep him off*) Somebody might come.

RIPLEY. Let me take your parasol, Birdie. You don't want it now. (*takes it and opens it*) Now, if anybody *should* come—(*covers her and himself from the audience with parasol and kisses her.*)

MISS LANE. Tom!— (*takes parasol and puts it down quickly*) —whose rooms are these?

RIPLEY. Mrs. Joy's. Uncle and a lot of us have been dining here. (MISS LANE *starts to go*) Don't go!

MISS LANE. (*going*) This comes of having these wretched doors all alike. I left papa down stairs, and ran up here to call on a friend and took the wrong door.

RIPLEY. Wait! If anyone comes, you can run out in a flash, and I've got something to tell you.

MISS LANE. (R.) Be quick then. (*they sit on ottoman* C. *Looking about anxiously*)

RIPLEY. (L.) Uncle says we can't.

MISS LANE. (*thoughtfully*) Well, if Mr. Bundy refuses his consent, I know papa will never give his.

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RIPLEY. (*gloomily*) Well, then I suppose we'll have to wait two years and two years is an awful time.

MISS LANE. Did your uncle refuse absolutely?

RIPLEY. Just the same thing. He said I was too young—

MISS LANE. I'm afraid you are, you poor boy!

RIPLEY. —and told me I could be married when he was.

MISS LANE. (*thoughtfully*) —That you could be married when he was—Why, then, there's no difficulty about it.

RIPLEY. I don't understand.

MISS LANE. We must get him to marry somebody.

RIPLEY. (*laughs*) Ha! ha! He'll never marry anybody.

MISS LANE. Then we must get somebody to marry him. Men don't always do their own marrying.

RIPLEY. Oh, yes,—but he's a woman-hater!

MISS LANE. There's always one woman somewhere whom the woman-hater doesn't hate—doesn't your uncle seem to like any of his lady friends?

RIPLEY. He's pretty attentive to Mrs. Walton, but—

MISS LANE. Is she nice?

RIPLEY. Yes.

MISS LANE. That settles it.

RIPLEY. (*astonished*) That settles it! Why, Birdie, how you go on!

MISS LANE. (*confidently*) Certainly, you talk to her about your uncle and see how she acts. It will be a match. You wait and see.

RIPLEY. Well, upon my word!

MISS LANE. (*rises* R.) Now I don't dare to wait another minute—is anybody coming?

RIPLEY. (*rises* L. *Looks up stage*) No—nobody. (MISS LANE *meantime raises her parasol while* RIPLEY'S *back is turned, and stands with it over her head.*

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RIPLEY *turns and sees her*) —Ah!— (*kisses her, she holding the parasol between them and audience*)

MISS LANE. (*running up*) Good-bye, Tom. (*exit at back, going towards left*)

RIPLEY. (*following*) Good-bye, Birdie—I should like to say good-bye to her again. (*following, exit*)

(*Enter* MRS. JOY *at* L. 2 E. *with bit of fancy work in her hand.*)

MRS. JOY. (L.) All Cousin George would say is that I was partly right. Now I *must* find out.

(*Enter* BUNDY *at back, coming from right, frightened on seeing her, but braces up and comes down.* MRS. JOY *sits at left centre working.* BUNDY *seems to be trying to speak but cannot.*)

MRS. JOY. The others have gone to get ready for the theatre. They say there's a great deal of destitution now, and—I think everyone ought to do something—(*pause*) It's a footstool for our minister. I began it,—(*looking at it*) four years ago on the piazza of the West End Hotel at Long Branch.

BUNDY. (R. *aside, looking about apprehensively*) I'm afraid somebody will come.

MRS. JOY. (*aside.* L.) I'll lead up to it by talking about wedding tours.

BUNDY. (*aside*) I'm afraid somebody won't come.

MRS. JOY. (*aloud*) I remember the rose, too, because I began it on my wedding-tour with Dick. Dick was my second husband.

BUNDY. (*aside*) Quite so, Mrs. Joy—just so. (*seems to muster up courage and walks nearly across to her, then suddenly wheels around and goes back to picture with eye-glass.* MRS. JOY *still busy. Finally* BUNDY *braces up and approaches her. With difficulty*) Mrs. Joy, you spoke of—a wedding tour— (*seems to stick there*)

MRS. JOY. (*air of slight surprise*) Yes.

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BUNDY. How—would—you—like—to—to—try (*pause*) try another?

MRS. JOY. What does he mean?

BUNDY. (*pointing to himself*) With—with *me.*

MRS. JOY. Why, is this a—a—

BUNDY. (*excitedly*) Yes, it is! It is an offer of marriage from one who—who—you'll pardon me, I have never done anything of this kind before—from one who has long—er—respected you—admired you—and—er— (*with great effort*) loved you— (*aside*) That's not so difficult—(*low voice*) *Loved* you, madam, *loved* you!

MRS. JOY. Indeed, I was not prepared for such an avowal *from you,* Mr. Bundy.

BUNDY. (*Becoming voluble and excited*) Because you don't know me. You see in me only the retired merchant—the cynical old bachelor. There isn't another man with such a wealth of romance in his nature—in the whole Coffee Exchange!

MRS. JOY. I'm glad to hear it.

BUNDY. (*eagerly*) You are glad to hear it! Ah! (*kisses his hand in the air*) Will you permit me? (*kisses her*)

MRS. JOY. (*gently*) Mr. Bundy!

BUNDY. Where shall we go on our wedding tour? I know some *charming* routes.

MRS. JOY. (*rising*) Really, I don't know what to say—it's so unexpected—if you will excuse me, I will— (*going towards* R. 2 E.)

BUNDY. (*following her*) If you go to the seaside, you may be tempted into surf-bathing, and (*excitedly*) there you have the dangers of the undertow. It would be shocking to be drowned—on your wedding tour.

MRS. JOY. Yes.

BUNDY. (*still following her*) And then in the mountains, railroad accidents and sudden changes of temperature—pneumonias—and smash-ups!—(*by this time they have reached* R. 2 E.) —Will you

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permit—e—er—Lucy— (*puts his arm around her waist*)

(*Enter* DOBBINS, *promptly at back from left.* DOBBINS *has light overcoat on arm, and hat.*)

(BUNDY, *not seeing* DOBBINS, *kisses* MRS. JOY. DOBBINS *sees them, and turns swiftly around so as not to see. Exit* MRS. JOY R. 2 E. BUNDY *and* DOBBINS *face about at same moment.* BUNDY *greatly elated and excited.*)

BUNDY. It's not so difficult. Only needs a little courage.

DOBBINS. (L. C. *shaking hands with* BUNDY) I congratulate you, *old man!*

BUNDY. (C. *seems a little offended by term "old man"*) I'm a mere boy, sir, mere boy! (*elated*) Might have done it fifteen years ago.

DOBBINS. (*putting his hand to his breast pocket*) Halloo! I've forgotten the theatre tickets! I'll be back in a moment. (*throws down coat in chair and keeps hat*)

BUNDY. Say nothing to your cousin now. She's a little nervous, you know. (*hums an air and struts about a little*)

DOBBINS. All right. (*exit quickly* C. *at back crossing* L.)

(MRS. WALTON *enters at* L. 2 E. BUNDY'S *back to her.*)

MRS. WALTON. (*aside*) It's really embarrassing to be *alone* with him.—Is Mrs. Joy here?

BUNDY. (*looking around*) No. (*aside*) Lucy won't want to see her now. I'll tell her about it, and keep her here—

MRS. WALTON. Perhaps I shall find her in her room. (*begins to cross* R.)

BUNDY. I think Mrs. Joy's engaged— (MRS. WALTON *pauses. Aside*) She—she is! Capital

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joke! (*aloud*) And I've got something to say to you I hope you'll be pleased to hear.

MRS. WALTON. (*aside*) What is he going to say to me, I wonder?—Well, if Mrs. Joy's engaged—(*turns back again towards left*)

BUNDY. Won't you be seated?

(*She sits down on ottoman,* BUNDY *pulls up chair and sits.*)

BUNDY. Now, you will be surprised, Mrs. Walton, but I beg you won't be agitated—I had not looked for an opportunity of talking with you quite so soon.

MRS. WALTON. (*aside*) It's coming.

BUNDY. You're not ready, perhaps—You've had no reason to suppose—But I've been thinking seriously for some time—er— (*embarrassment, which* MRS. WALTON *supposes is because he is proposing to her*) —of getting married—You must have noticed my actions—my little artifices—Women understand such things so well.

MRS. WALTON. (*faintly*) Yes, I think I understood it all.

BUNDY. (*beginning to lose himself in his excitement*) They haven't been without meaning Mrs. Walton—those little artifices—I'm sure you've understood them—ah, when a man really loves a woman, and when he finds the courage to speak—and it has taken me a long time to do that—I never found it until to-night—

MRS. WALTON. (*confusion*) Really, Mr. Bundy—

BUNDY. You do not know the real Samuel Bundy. You think I would be cold and unfeeling.

MRS. WALTON. No, no, I never thought so.

BUNDY. You think I would be neglectful of my wife.

MRS. WALTON. No, I am sure you would not be. (*aside*) I hardly know *where* I am.

BUNDY. I need not tell *you* whom I mean. What do you think of it, Mrs. Walton? What do you say?

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MRS. WALTON. Only that I am *so* happy that I think I'm going to faint! (*beginning to faint. Head goes back on high centre of ottoman. He rises, looks at her, putting on his glass*)

BUNDY. (*aside, air of some surprise*) What a very sympathetic nature—I must call somebody.

MRS. WALTON. (*raising her head*) No, don't go! (*letting her head down again*) It will soon be over.

BUNDY. (*sitting down by her on her* R. *and taking her hand*) Perhaps if I slap your hands gently.

MRS. WALTON. (*raising her head and speaking slowly*) You have made me very happy— (BUNDY *nods his head with pleasure, she seizes his hand and holds it. Pause*) Samuel. (BUNDY *starts*) —I hardly need to tell you my answer. (BUNDY'S *bewilderment goes on increasing.* MRS. WALTON *keeps hold of his hand*) You can guess it.

BUNDY. Eh?

MRS. WALTON. But I hope you won't insist upon our being married before the autumn.

BUNDY. No—o—I shall not!

MRS. WALTON. I always said that if I ever married— (*little pause*) again, it should be when the leaves were turning red and gold.

BUNDY. (*mopping his brow with handkerchief in right hand,* MRS. WALTON *still holding his left, rolls his eyes in desperation. Repeats mechanically*) "Red and gold."

MRS. WALTON. I wonder if you have any romance in your nature?

BUNDY. Not a bit! (MRS. WALTON *drops her eyes. Aside*) I've got to kiss her! (*kisses her in timid, hesitating way. Just as he does so enter* DOBBINS *at back from* L. *with cane or umbrella. Drops cane in astonishment.* MRS. WALTON *hears noise, gives a little scream without turning round and exit* L. 2 E. *She must not see that it is* DOBBINS. BUNDY *rises.* DOBBINS *comes down indignant,* L. C.)

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DOBBINS. (L. C.) What are your relations to that lady, sir?

BUNDY. (R. C. *desperately*) I'm engaged to be married to her.

DOBBINS. And how did that happen?

BUNDY. I haven't the slightest idea!

DOBBINS. Samuel Bundy, are you a hypocrite? (*crosses* C.)

BUNDY. No. an imbecile!

(*Enter* MULLBRIDGE *at back from* L. *with light overcoat and hat. Comes down* R. C.)

DOBBINS. (*lower tone on seeing* MULLBRIDGE) Well, your ambition to be married is in a fair way to be gratified, provided you don't overdo it. (*beginning to go up*)

MULLBRIDGE. (R. C. *on* BUNDY'S *right.* DOBBINS *is on* BUNDY'S *left*) Mr. Bundy, can I talk with you before the ladies come in?

BUNDY. (*testily*) If you'll excuse me—I'm engaged. (*looking towards* DOBBINS)

DOBBINS. (*in low tone*) You are!—too much so— (BUNDY *angry*) Capital joke that!

BUNDY. Poor joke, sir! Poor joke!

MULLBRIDGE. I should like—

DOBBINS. I'm going.

BUNDY. Don't go, Dobbins, I must talk with you.

MULLBRIDGE. It is somewhat delicate—

DOBBINS. *I must* go.

BUNDY. Come back presently. (*turns to* MULLBRIDGE *seating himself* R. *of table* L. *excited*) Well, sir, now what is it? (DOBBINS *exits hurriedly at* L. 2 E. MULLBRIDGE *sits down at* BUNDY'S *right,* L. *end of ottoman*)

MULLBRIDGE. (*this speech very slow*) You may remember that two years ago I resigned my professorship of Political Economy in Riverside College to take charge of Mrs. Walton's estate. I found that prolonged attention to the subject of the wealth of

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nations tended to aggravate the poverty of the individual—

BUNDY. I think our time is limited.

MULLBRIDGE. I have a favor to ask of you, Mr. Bundy—a great favor—there's a lady in the question. I want you to render me a delicate service. (*sighs*) Ah, I wish I could change places with *you.*

BUNDY. (*aside*) Just now I'd change places with anybody.

MULLBRIDGE. *You* (*emphasis on "you"*) are too sensible, I know, ever to tangle yourself up with women.

BUNDY. (*looks at him a moment—pause*) Thank you. (*crosses* R. *sits*)

MULLBRIDGE. Now that's the advantage of being known as a woman-hater. (*talks as if he were angry with himself*) *Here I am,* engaged to a widow, whom, to be perfectly frank, I don't want to marry. (BUNDY *looks at him without speaking*) There's no danger that you ever will find *yourself* in such a situation.

BUNDY. (*same business—pause*) Thank you.

MULLBRIDGE. But I do. I met her at Saratoga. We had become very good friends, though I had no thought of anything more. One day, we were walking together. A dog attacked her.

BUNDY. (*snappishly*) Whose dog?

MULLBRIDGE. I don't know whose dog. I happened to have a sword cane. He ran on it. She thought the dog was mad which he wasn't and she wept from nervousness on my shoulder and—and—well— (*irritably*) you can imagine how it happened.

BUNDY. Go on.

MULLBRIDGE. But now I've changed my mind. I know Mrs. Walton would never consent to it. I haven't dared to tell her a word about it, and I've lived in terror for three months. About ten days ago I stopped writing. (*rising*)

BUNDY. (*crossing*) Well? (*crosses* L. *sits in chair* L.)

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MULLBRIDGE. Just now I went behind the desk down stairs.

(BUNDY *gets up, agitated and nervous, drags the chair after him to* R., *leaving it.*)

MULLBRIDGE. My eye fell upon a letter to the proprietor, saying that her sister would be here to-morrow.

BUNDY. Her sister? (*crosses* L.)

MULLBRIDGE. (R.) Yes, now I'm sure her sister's real object in coming here is to meet me, as if casually, and have an explanation with me. And I wanted to ask you to do me the favor to meet her and—er—tell her just how I feel. (*bus. of reversing position*)

BUNDY. (R. *business of astonishment*) You want me to explain to her that you don't want to marry her sister?

MULLBRIDGE. (L.) Well, you can get at it *gradually,* you know. You can say that I think we are—er—*incompatible,* and all that sort of thing. It won't break her heart, I know—I don't like to write it, and it would be painful to say it. The fact is, I'm diffident.

BUNDY. You don't strike me that way!

MULLBRIDGE. (L. C.) It would be less *embarrassing* for you than for me. You can do it as my friend. It wouldn't be like meeting the lady herself, you know. You could talk freely to Mrs. Brewster—

BUNDY. (R. C. *striding up stage a step or two as if in fright*) What! Mrs. Brewster of Saratoga? Mrs. Caroline Brewster?

MULLBRIDGE. Yes.

BUNDY. And you want me to meet Mrs. Caroline Brewster and tell her that you don't want to marry her sister?

MULLBRIDGE. Yes. Do *you* know Mrs. Brewster?

BUNDY. Do I know Mrs. Brewster? (*aside*) Well, I ought to. I proposed to her three months ago by

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letter (*to* MULLBRIDGE *coming down*) I'm particularly anxious not to meet Mrs. Brewster.

MULLBRIDGE. You won't do it, then?

BUNDY. (C.) I couldn't think of it.

MULLBRIDGE. (*dropping into chair* R.) I'm sorry. I thought if you would, I'd go off to some of the watering places with my sister till Mrs. Brewster leaves.

BUNDY. (*aside*) That would take Mrs. Walton away. And perhaps Mrs. Brewster never got the letter—(*to* MULLBRIDGE) Well, it's more than you ought to ask, but for a friend—Will you leave to-morrow morning with your sister?

MULLBRIDGE. (*starting up stage* R.) I'll see her at once.

BUNDY. (*following*) I'm sure you'd be lonesome without your sister.

MULLBRIDGE. If a life-time of gratitude will repay you—(*rushes off at back towards left.*)

BUNDY. (R. C. *at back, shouting after him*) Don't forget your sister!

(*Enter* DOBBINS L. 2 E. *Enter* WILLIAM *at back, coming from right. Helps* BUNDY *on with coat, and hands him hat.*)

DOBBINS. (L. C.) It's about time to start.—A letter for you, Bundy.

BUNDY. (R. C.) I don't want to see it. You open it. (DOBBINS *and* BUNDY *come down together,* BUNDY *on* DOBBINS' *right.* DOBBINS *looks at envelope*)

DOBBINS It's from a lady. (*offers it to* BUNDY)

BUNDY. I won't touch it!

DOBBINS. From Mrs. Caroline Brewster!

BUNDY. Eh?

DOBBINS. Your letter went astray. She has just received it.—Samuel, this is awful! She accepts you.

BUNDY. It can't be!

DOBBINS. She'll be in this hotel to-morrow.

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(*Music pp.*)

BUNDY. That makes three ladies—all engaged to me—and all to be here to-morrow.

(*Enter* MRS. JOY R. 2 E. *bonnet and opera cloak on or wrap over her arm—putting on gloves, moving in leisurely way.*)

MRS. JOY. Well, gentlemen, we must not be late at the theatre. Will you take me, Mr. Bundy?

BUNDY. (*aside, low voice*) There's No. 1.

(*Enter* MRS. WALTON L. 2 E. *bonnet and opera cloak on or wrap over her arm. Putting on gloves. Moves in leisurely way.*)

MRS. WALTON. Ah, you're going? I suppose Mr. Bundy will take me.

BUNDY. There's No. 2—and No. 3 is coming! (*starting up stage, clapping hat on his head*) Good-bye. (*half turning at back*) Very sorry—important business—go with you some other evening to the theatre—good-bye—good-morning—good-evening. (*Music ff*)

(*Going off,* C. *to* L. *runs plump into* RIPLEY *coming in* C. *from* L. *with overcoat and hat, knocks him into sofa standing in corridor. Rushes off towards left. Picture of astonishment.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

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ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as Act I.* MRS. JOY *and* MRS. WALTON *enter at* R. 2 E. *in handsome evening dress.*

MRS. JOY. Come, Mrs. Walton, we shall be late for the music. (*going toward back. Enter* WILLIAM *at back, coming from left, with letters on salver, meets* MRS. JOY)—Ah, a letter for me? (*takes it from salver, crosses down* L.) Will you permit me?

MRS. WALTON. (R.) Certainly. (WILLIAM *offers her salver also*) Ah, a letter for me, too. (*takes letter. Exit* WILLIAM *at back crosses* L.)

MRS. JOY. (L. *turning towards front and coming down*) I want to read it at once. It is from a friend—in Newport.

MRS. WALTON. (R. *turning towards front, and coming down*) How very odd! Mine is from a friend in Newport too—(*aside*) What *would* she think if she knew it was from dear Samuel!

MRS. JOY. (*aside*) How little she suspects it is from Mr. Bundy!

MRS. WALTON. (*reading aside*) "My darling."

MRS. JOY. (*following quickly*) "My darling—" (*aside*) Only a week since he went away, and seven letters already.

MRS. WALTON. (*aside*) He writes such beautiful letters, and one every day—(*reading, aside*) "This separation is very hard."

MRS. JOY. (*reading, aside*) "This separation is very hard."

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MRS. WALTON. (*reading, aside*) "I hope to be with you soon, my darling."

MRS. JOY. (*reading, aside*) "I hope to be with you soon, my darling."

MRS. WALTON. "How glad I would be to be with you at this moment."

MRS. JOY. "How glad I would be to be with you at this moment." (MRS. JOY *and* MRS. WALTON *pause. Rapidly together.*)

MRS. JOY AND MRS. WALTON. "My only consolation is that we shall not be parted long for I shall soon return to my own—(*pause to make sure of the words. The two ladies can count four to make interval exactly same*)—precious Darling." (*Both kiss letters.*)

MRS. JOY. (*reading*) "Be sure not to tell any one of our engagement until I see you—" Oh, I've forgotten my handkerchief. (*crosses to* R.) Dear, dear! I promised Mrs. Pierce an hour ago we'd come in five minutes.

(*Exit at door* R. 2 E.)

(*Enter* TOM RIPLEY *at back, coming from left.*)

MRS. WALTON. (*reading*) "Be sure not to tell anyone." He needn't say that in every letter. (*crosses to* L.) Oh, good evening, Mr. Ripley. (*puts up letter*)

RIPLEY. (*coming down eagerly*) O, Mrs. Walton, I've been watching for a week for a chance to talk with you. (*looks about an instant*) I'm engaged, Mrs. Walton. She's a lovely girl—But I can't gain my uncle's consent. Now, I thought if we could only get him interested in some lady. (MRS. WALTON *begins to show confusion and amusement*) That amuses you, of course. I know just what a woman-hater he is. But you ladies are such match-makers—and he said I could be married when he was. He said it in joke, I know, but if he were once in love,

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he couldn't refuse me. Now, if you could only think of some way—

MRS. WALTON. (R. C. *aside*) I *must* tell him—Really, really, Mr. Ripley, I can't see a young man I like so much, *suffer*, and if you think you can keep a secret, I'll tell you something.

RIPLEY. (L. C.) Oh, trust me!

MRS. WALTON. It must be in the *strictest* confidence, remember. They say, a woman can't *keep* a secret, and I want to show that she can. Your Uncle and I— are *engaged* to be married.

RIPLEY. Mrs. Walton, I congratulate you! You don't know how delighted I am. For his sake, and for mine too. Dear old fellow, he was joking then when he pretended to refuse me. I remember now he spoke of you—

(*Enter* MRS. JOY *at* R. 2 E.)

MRS. WALTON (R.) Hush!— Upon my word, now I have left *my* handkerchief. I do believe the fates don't want us to hear Mrs. Pierce's friend sing. (*Exit at* R. 2 E.)

RIPLEY. (L.) How do you do, Mrs. Joy? (RIPLEY *should be pretty well towards left*)

MRS. JOY. (R. C. *mysterious manner*) Come here. (RIPLEY *approaches* MRS. JOY, *cautiously looking about*) Have you heard from your uncle?

RIPLEY. (L. C.) Not a word.

MRS. JOY. (R. C. *mysterious manner continued*) He went away suddenly.

RIPLEY. (L. C.) Yes.

MRS. JOY. (R. C.) He seemed agitated—nervous. I couldn't understand it.

RIPLEY. Nor I.

MRS. JOY. Did he tell you anything about himself—of importance?

RIPLEY. (L. C.) No.

MRS. JOY. (R. C. *aside*) He's very close about it.

RIPLEY. (L. C.) He told me one thing of impor-

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tance about myself. He said I could not be married until he was. (*as if he were enjoying the joke—walking away towards left*) And you know what a woman-hater he is. (*aside, smiling*) I wish I could tell her.

MRS JOY. (R. C. *looking about. Beckoning him again. Low voice*) Come here. (*pause.* RIPLEY *comes back*) Don't give yourself any uneasiness about that.

RIPLEY. (L. C. *surprised*) Eh?

MRS. JOY. (R. C.) If you think you can keep a secret, I'll tell you something.

RIPLEY. (*aside*) She knows it.

MRS. JOY. It must be in the strictest confidence, remember. They say, a woman can't keep a secret and I want to show that she can.

RIPLEY. (L. C.) Yes, I had begun to suspect that my uncle—

MRS. JOY. (R. C.) Yes, we are engaged to be married.

RIPLEY. (L. C. *astonished, but of course not showing it too openly, pause*) I beg pardon—

MRS. JOY. (R. C.) Your uncle and I are engaged to be married.

RIPLEY. (*with effort*) I congratulate you—. I'm —a—delighted—delighted—for his sake and for my own. (*goes to* L. *corner.*)

MRS. JOY. (R.) Hush!

(*Enter* MRS. WALTON *at* R. 2 E.)

MRS. WALTON. (*up* R. C.) Now, I hope we're ready, at last. (MRS. JOY *and* MRS. WALTON *start up stage.* RIPLEY *remains near left front, astonished.*)

RIPLEY. (L.) The old hypocrite and humbug! Is he fooling us all?

(*Enter at back* DOBBINS, *from left, hat in hand.*)

DOBBINS. (C) Ah, you're going out? (*salutes both ladies.*)

MRS. JOY. Only to hear a lady sing up-stairs. Will you join us?

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DOBBINS. What is her voice?

MRS. JOY. Her voice? High soprano.

DOBBINS. (*Shaking his head*) I know what that means—screeches and bangs, bangs and screeches. (MRS. JOY, *vexed.* DOBBINS *sits down at table* L., R. *of table.*)—No, thank you, I couldn't stand a high soprano with the mercury at eighty. I'll look over the paper and try to get cool. It's very warm.

MRS. JOY. Yes, very warm. (*crosses to* L. C. *business of feigned indifference with fan*) Oh—a—Cousin George, have you happened to hear from Mr. Bundy? (MRS. WALTON *and* RIPLEY *both interested.* MRS. WALTON *up stage, but more to right than* MRS. JOY. RIPLEY *left front.*)

DOBBINS. Yes, I had a letter this morning. He's at Newport.

MRS. JOY *and* MRS. WALTON. (*affectation of ordinary interest*) Ah! At Newport. (*both nod knowingly to Ripley, who returns it.*)

MRS. JOY. Well, we must go. Good evening. (*They exchange bows with gentlemen, and exeunt at back left.* DOBBINS *takes up paper from table.*)

RIPLEY. (L.) Did Uncle say anything special, Mr. Dobbins?

DOBBINS. (*seated* R. *of* L. *table, has air of putting* RIPLEY *off*) Not much— He seems to be enjoying his trip.

RIPLEY. (*aside*) Of course, I can't tell him about those two deluded women. And *my* chance of marrying is poorer when he's engaged to two than when he's engaged to none at all. Good evening, Mr. Dobbins.

DOBBINS. Good evening, Tom. (*Exit* RIPLEY *at back, very discontented, going towards left*) Poor Bundy! He hadn't the courage to face the situation and so he ran away. (*taking up his paper again*) (BUNDY *looks in at back, coming from right. Has on overcoat, high hat, is well wrapped up in tippit or muffler. Also has on ear-laps; is wrapped up*

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and muffled up as much as possible. Should have on pepper and salt trousers, same as MULLBRIDGE'S, *in this act and till end of the play. Draws back, then looks in again.*)

DOBBINS. (*as soon as audience "takes in"* BUNDY'S *get-up, to himself*) How hot it is!

(BUNDY *moves mysteriously down to* DOBBINS *and touches him on shoulder.*)

DOBBINS. (*jumps to his feet*) Who are you?

BUNDY. (C. *meekly, taking off his hat*) Why, don't you know me, George?

DOBBINS. (L. C.) Is it you? And what's all this?

BUNDY. (*Hoarse whisper*) It's a disguise.

DOBBINS. Just back from Newport?

BUNDY. (*same business*) *Yes,* never been there at all. I've been in the hotel the whole time. (*Begins to take off his wraps*) Will they be out long? (*puts his wraps on ottoman*)

DOBBINS. (L.) Yes, for an hour surely.

(BUNDY *sighs and sits on ottoman.* DOBBINS *draws up chair* L. *and sits.*)

BUNDY. Last Monday, I drove to the Grand Central Depot, bought my ticket for Newport, and then came back to the hotel in the horse-cars, slipped in at the ladies' entrance on 23d Street, crept upstairs, and stole into my room. My meals were brought to me. The head waiter and two other servants were heavily bribed. It was supposed at the office that I was away, I felt safer in hiding.

DOBBINS. (*astonished*) But how about your letters from Newport?

BUNDY. I sent them to an old clerk of mine there, who re-mailed them. He thinks I'm doing some rascally thing, of course. My servant eyes me so suspiciously that I know he has doubts whether he ought to give me up to the police. It wouldn't sur-

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prise the head waiter to have me arrested at any moment, and the chambermaid trembles when she comes near me. Now, how long is this going on?

DOBBINS. (*rising, and moving off towards right, shrugging his shoulders*) I don't know, I'm sure.

BUNDY. I can't go on forever writing love letters to three women, can I?

DOBBINS. (R. C.) That is for you to decide.

BUNDY. It's a fearful strain on a man who has lived to be forty-five years old without ever having written a love letter, to have to write one every day to three different women. After the second day I wrote one letter, and sent a copy to each of them. (*sighs and mops his head with his handkerchief*) The longer this goes on, the deeper I shall get in the mire. I find I'm inferior to the rest of my sex. I don't seem to be able to make love to more than one woman at a time. Is Mrs. Brewster here still?

DOBBINS. She went away yesterday.

BUNDY. Thank Heaven!—Now I can't stay shut up forever. (*Desperately*) What am I to do?

DOBBINS. I should tell Mrs. Joy the whole story.

BUNDY. (*goes down* L.) I don't dare to! And until Mrs. Walton is undeceived, she will think herself engaged to me. (*They are walking up and down nervously, in opposite directions*) I've got a capital idea. It is for *you* to tell the whole story— (DOBBINS *in surprise, stops*)—to Mrs. Walton.

DOBBINS. (*goes down* R. *resumes his walk. Short whistle*) No, I'm obliged to you.

BUNDY. (*crying and piteously*) Does old friendship count for nothing, George?

DOBBINS. (*crosses to* L.) Not for quite as much as that. (MRS. JOY'S *and* MRS. WALTON'S *voices heard outside*)

BUNDY. (*frightened*) Who's that?

DOBBINS. (*also frightened*) They're coming back! (BUNDY *rushes to ottoman and begins to put*

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on his clothes. Gets tangled up in his overcoat. Voices heard again) It's no use. You're caught.

BUNDY. But what shall I say?

DOBBINS. As little as you can.

(*Enter promptly* MRS. WALTON *at back, coming from left.*)

MRS. WALTON. (L. C. *surprised and delighted*) Why, how do you do, Mr. Bundy? Just back from Newport?

BUNDY. (R. *confused and awkward*) Er—er—er—

MRS. WALTON. Mrs. Pierce's friend had a headache. It was so kind of her.—I'm so glad to see you again. (*perhaps throws him a languishing kiss aside.* BUNDY *frightened.* DOBBINS *not looking.*)

DOBBINS. (L.) I'll see you again, Bundy. (*going up*)

BUNDY. O, Dobbins— (*crossing to him* L. C. *Low tone. As* BUNDY *crosses,* MRS. WALTON *crosses* R., *takes letter from her pocket, and kisses it*) Don't leave me alone with this woman, don't!—

DOBBINS. (*up* L.) But I must—I *must* go—And then I ought not to interrupt this tender interview— (*chuckling*) —this re-union of two loving hearts, eh, Sam? (*pokes him in the ribs and laughs*)

BUNDY. (L. C. *low tone. Bitterly*) I'll have my revenge for this! (*exit* DOBBINS *at back, chuckling, going towards left*)

MRS. WALTON. Oh, I'm so glad to see you a moment alone. (BUNDY *embraces her reluctantly and awkwardly; she is rather demonstrative*)

BUNDY. Yes—yes.

MRS. WALTON. It has been such a long week, but you wrote me such beautiful letters, I can forgive you. (*they come* C.)

BUNDY. (*looking about—nervous and apprehensive*) Just so— Just so.

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MRS. WALTON. You won't leave me again, will you? (*fondly*)

BUNDY. Just so—just so.

MRS. WALTON. I'm so happy to lay my head upon your breast. (*does so*)

BUNDY. (*very anxious*) Quite so—quite so. (MRS. WALTON *pulls handkerchief out of pocket and with it* BUNDY'S *letter, without envelope. It falls to the floor. They are standing in front of ottoman.* MRS. JOY'S *voice heard off* L.) There's Mrs. Joy coming! (*they separate quickly,* BUNDY *going to left wall looking at picture;* MRS. WALTON *to extreme right*)

MRS. JOY. (*appears in doorway* C. *speaking towards left*) Yes, I'll come the first thing in the morning.

MRS. WALTON. (*feeling in her pocket. Swift aside to* BUNDY) I've lost your letter. Pick it up if you see it anywhere.

BUNDY. (*frightened*) Lost my letter?

MRS. JOY. (*still speaking towards left*) —About half-past ten. (*coming down*)

MRS. WALTON. (*walking towards* R. 2 E. *looking as she goes*) Perhaps I dropped it in the other room. (*exit at* R. 2 E.)

MRS. JOY. Ah, Mr. Bundy, I'm very glad to see you. (*they greet each other*) Just back from Newport?

BUNDY. (*relieved at* MRS. WALTON'S *departure. Happy to be with* MRS. JOY) Er—er. (*aside*) Where is that letter?

MRS. JOY. Did you come by the train or the boat?

BUNDY. (L. C.) By the elevator. (MRS. JOY *astonished*) That is—er—I always take the boat, you know—(*aside*)—when I go. (*seems to be looking about for the letter*)

MRS. JOY. (*sees that* MRS. WALTON *has gone*) Let us sit down.

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BUNDY. Kiss me, Lucy. (*embraces her*)

MRS. JOY. (L. C.) Why, that's singular. (*detecting an odor*) You use the same perfume that Mrs. Walton has on this evening.

BUNDY. (L.) Indeed! Er—er. It's my—er—favorite perfume.

MRS. JOY. Now, let us talk seriously. (*sits down on ottoman* C.)

BUNDY. Seriously? (*sits down*)

MRS. JOY. Yes, I want to know what it is that you are *keeping from me.* (BUNDY *starts, thinks he has been found out*) I know there is something. I saw it in your nervousness when you went away, and your *secrecy about our engagement,* which may be very pretty and mysterious and romantic—

BUNDY. Well, my dear, I had some embarrassing obligations—

MRS. JOY. (*sees letter*) Ah, what's this? (*picks up letter*) A letter—

BUNDY. (*horrified—aside*) That letter!

MRS. JOY. (C.) *No envelope.*

BUNDY. (*reaching out for it*) Er—will you let me—

MRS. JOY. (C. *not heeding*) Why, this is singular.

BUNDY. (L. C. *aside*) I'm lost.

MRS. JOY. (C. *looking at letter, pauses*) It's in your handwriting. (*reading*) "My darling."

BUNDY. (*aside*) All is over.

MRS. JOY. (*pause. She turns and looks at him*) Why, it's the letter I got from you this evening. (BUNDY *overjoyed*) I didn't know I had lost it.

BUNDY. (*aside*) Thank Heaven, they were all alike! (*to* MRS. JOY, *with hearty laugh*) Quite so—quite so— (*show of fondness, taking her hand, and slyly getting the letter away from her*) Ah, Lucy!

(*Enter* MRS. WALTON *at* R. 2 E. *looking on floor. Comes* C. *back of them, to* L. C. BUNDY *and* MRS. JOY *move apart, and look confused.*)

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MRS. JOY. (R.) Are you looking for something?

MRS. WALTON. (C.) Yes, a letter. I dropped it somewhere. (BUNDY *crosses to* R. C. *front of them, approaches middle, makes frantic signs to her to be silent, which she does not notice*)

MRS. JOY. (R.) How very odd! I dropped a letter too, but I found it.

BUNDY. (*whisper to* MRS. WALTON) I've got it. (*turns his back towards her, so as to face* MRS. JOY, *and holds letter behind him.* MRS. WALTON *takes it. To* MRS. JOY) Yes, really a coincidence—just so—just so. (MRS. WALTON *moves away a little towards* L. *sits* L. C. *in arm-chair*) Well, good evening, ladies. (*starting hurriedly up stage* C. *aside*) I must get out of here. (*should be near hall when he speaks word "here."*)

MRS. JOY. (R.) Mr. Bundy! (BUNDY *turns and comes down* R. C. *in despair.* MRS. JOY *speaks in ordinary tone which* MRS. WALTON *may hear*) I wanted to ask you whether you had— (*dropping her voice as* BUNDY *comes near*) Please, give me back my letter.

BUNDY. (C.) Eh?

MRS. JOY. (R.) My letter.

BUNDY. Oh—quite so—quite so— (*pretends to search in his pockets, while he looks helplessly at* MRS. WALTON) In a moment—in a moment—there's something I forgot to say to Mrs. Walton. (*goes over to* MRS. WALTON *who is sitting* L., *with his hands full of letters.* MRS. JOY *sits down at* R. *To* MRS. WALTON) Let me see. Did I give you the wrong letter? (*she hands him letter which he shuffles in among others, and comes back to* MRS. JOY) Let me see—let me see— (*looks furiously towards* MRS. WALTON. *Gives letter to* MRS. JOY, *behind his back, as before. Starts up stage fast*) Well, good evening, ladies. (*aside*) This is no place for me. (*should be near hall at back when he speaks the word "me."*)

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MRS. WALTON. Mr. Bundy! (*should have been affecting for some minutes to read the newspaper.* BUNDY *comes down*) Have you read the—er—(*dropping her voice to low tone*) Please, give me my letter.

BUNDY. (R. *of* MRS. WALTON. *Dismay*) Certainly— (*takes several letters out of his pocket runs them over; looks at* MRS. JOY, *aside*) I don't dare to take it from her again. (*to* MRS. WALTON) Certainly, quite so. (*aside*) What shall I do? What's this? It's a copy of the letter I didn't use because of a blot. (*sigh of relief. Gives* MRS. WALTON *letter*) What an escape!

MRS. WALTON. (*low tone*) Please take a chair and sit down by me.

BUNDY. Certainly. (BUNDY *brings down small chair from* R. *of table* L., *sits close to* MRS. WALTON, *sits down looking doubtfully at* MRS. JOY) That is —quite so—quite so.

MRS. WALTON. (*signs of jealousy*) I think I am entitled to *some* degree of attention from you. Shall we go to the hotel parlor, and have a chat?

BUNDY. I'm afraid Mrs. Joy expects me to remain for a time. There are some matters we are mutually interested in.

MRS. WALTON. She might at least make an excuse to go away, and give us a moment together.

BUNDY. Quite so—quite so. (*humors* MRS. WALTON *quietly*)

MRS. JOY. (*seated* R. *to herself*) I should like to know if that woman means to *camp* out in my parlor. (*very bland tone*) Aren't you tired, dear Mrs. Walton, after such a long day?

MRS. WALTON. (*equally bland*) Oh, not at all, dear Mrs. Joy, but I should think *you* would need rest. (*to* BUNDY) That's broad enough, I hope.

BUNDY. (*aside*) If they're going to be jealous I'm lost.

MRS. JOY. (*to herself*) Of all my intimate

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friends, she is the most insufferable. (*low determined tone— a little bit vinegarish*) Mr. Bundy.

BUNDY. Yes—yes, Mrs. Joy.

(*Crosses and takes chair with him, sits down. With hand on side away from* MRS. JOY, *makes soothing and quieting motions to* MRS. WALTON, *as if to prevent an out-burst. This is continued at discretion.*)

MRS. JOY. (*seated* R. *tartly, but not so that* MRS. WALTON *can hear*) If you don't expect to ignore my existence entirely—

BUNDY. (L. *of* MRS. JOY) My dear—

MRS. JOY. I should like to know something about your trip. (*in tone that* MRS. WALTON *can hear*) How did you enjoy yourself at Newport?

BUNDY. Oh—quite as well as usual. (*aside*) I never do enjoy myself at Newport. So that's true.

MRS. WALTON. Where did you stay?

BUNDY. Oh, I always stay at the Ocean House—(*aside*) *when I'm there.*

MRS. WALTON. Ah, yes.

MRS. JOY. (*low tone*) You received all my letters?

BUNDY. (*thunderstruck for a moment*) Oh, I'm always fortunate about letters. They never fail to reach me. (*aside*) I never thought of letters. (*looking at* MRS. WALTON) and *she* wrote some too.

MRS. JOY. You got my letter, then, about Mrs. Caroline Brewster, of Saratoga?

BUNDY. (*startled and bewildered*) Eh? Well—I don't remember whether—perhaps that one—

MRS. JOY. She was here.

BUNDY. You know her then?

MRS. JOY. Yes— she spoke very cordially of you, and seemed very sorry not to see you.

BUNDY. Oh—quite so—quite so.

MRS. JOY. She dropped some remarks that made

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me think she was going to be married soon, but when I asked her outright, she only laughed, and wouldn't answer. Poor old thing!

BUNDY. (*echoing her eagerly*) Just so—just so—poor old thing.

MRS. JOY. Have you heard any talk of her marrying anybody?

BUNDY. (*confused*) It seems to me I have.

MRS. JOY. Who is it?

BUNDY. Well, really, I have such a poor memory for names sometimes I forget my own.

MRS. JOY. She went away yesterday—

BUNDY. (*rubbing his hands with pleasure*) Thank Heaven!

MRS. JOY. —But she was coming back to-day.

BUNDY. Oh.

MRS. JOY. And she's coming to see me. Then you can see her.

BUNDY. Ye—e—s.

(*Enter* DOBBINS *at back from* L. *down* R.)

DOBBINS. I found some mail down stairs, and brought it along.

BUNDY. (*aside*) Mrs. Brewster might have written to her. (*looks at* MRS. JOY. *Makes frantic signs to* DOBBINS *which he does not notice*)

DOBBINS. (*back of table* R.) Let me see. One for me—one for me—and one for me. One for—(*pause*)—you—(*giving it to* BUNDY)

BUNDY. (R. C. *aside*) Another danger past. But I shall be shipwrecked yet. (*crosses to* L.)

MRS. WALTON. (*comes* C.) None for me, Mr. Dobbins?

DOBBINS. Nothing. (*to* MRS. JOY) I'll be down presently, to go down to supper. (*exit at back, going towards left*)

BUNDY. (*opens his letter*) Pshaw! A notice to serve on a jury two weeks from to-day. (*stuffs letter into his pocket*).

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MRS. WALTON. (*crosses to* BUNDY, *who is* L. *To* BUNDY *and* MRS. JOY) I cannot understand why I don't hear from my brother. He went away just before you did, Mr. Bundy— (*they come down to front together,* MRS. JOY *on right and* MRS. WALTON *in middle and* BUNDY *toward left*) *He* wanted me to go with him, but I—er—felt—that I could not. (*glance towards* BUNDY) I haven't the least idea where he is.

MRS. JOY. (R.) Why, how very strange.

BUNDY. (L. *growling—aside*) He's probably in his room—under the bed.

MRS. WALTON. (C.) And you don't know how *strangely* he has been acting. Just before he went away it was *terrible.* He *suffered* so from insomnia, trembled at every *sound,* always ran away if any one came to *call* and seemed really *afraid* to open his letters.

BUNDY. Yes, I know the symptoms.

MRS. WALTON. It seems a dreadful thing to say, but I've really been afraid sometimes that through care and anxiety his *mind* may be a little—er—unstrung—what do you think, Mr. Bundy?

BUNDY. I can't think so. (*aside*) He has no mind to unstring.

(*Enter* MULLBRIDGE *at back, hat in hand, coming from left. Should have on pepper and salt trousers, like* BUNDY, *in this act and till end. Down* L. C.)

MRS. WALTON. (C.) Ah, there he is now.

MULLBRIDGE. (L. C.) Ah, sister! (*greets them*)

BUNDY. (L. *aside*) Now is my chance—Good-day again, ladies. (*starts up* L.)

MRS. WALTON. (C. *to* MULLBRIDGE) And have you just come back? Where have you been?

MULLBRIDGE. (L.) Oh, I stayed quietly the whole week at the *Ocean House in Newport.* (*going towards* L. *corner*)

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BUNDY. (*turns in dismay, comes down* L. C., *and starts towards* MULLBRIDGE) Ahem!

MRS. JOY. (R.) But you didn't tell us that you met Professor Mullbridge!

MULLBRIDGE. (L. *not hearing this*) Oh, Mr. Bundy, quite a strange thing. (*fishing in his pockets for letters*) There were several letters at the hotel for you, and I—

BUNDY. (L. C. *aside*) Their letters! (*rushing at* MULLBRIDGE) Certainly, you stayed longer than I did, and when you came away, you brought my letters. (*seizing them, undertone*) Don't contradict me, you blockhead!

MULLBRIDGE. (*bewildered*) The hotel clerk couldn't understand—

BUNDY. (*interrupting*) My going away? I leave a hotel, sir, without waiting to find out whether the clerk understands it or not!

MRS. JOY. So you two were having a good time together at Newport without our knowing it.

(*The two women together towards right; the two men towards left; stand close together, facing front.* BUNDY, *angry, and miserable;* MULLBRIDGE *sheepish and bewildered.*)

MULLBRIDGE. (*low tone, timidly*) Were we?

BUNDY. (*snappishly*) Yes.

MRS. JOY. Flirting with all the *widows,* I'll be bound.

BUNDY. (*with energy*) No, madam.

MULLBRIDGE. (*feeble imitation of* BUNDY) No, madam.

BUNDY. (*aside*) The mere thought of a widow makes me shudder. (*aloud, awkward attempt at a gay manner*) Of course when Professor Mullbridge and I are together, we have a good time. We—er—play poker. (*savage undertone*) Don't you contradict me!

MULLBRIDGE. (*to ladies*) Yes, yes!

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BUNDY. We bet on the races, eh, Mullbridge? (*poking him in the ribs*) Ha! Ha!

MULLBRIDGE. (*quickly*) Yes, yes!

BUNDY. We bet on all the races, eh, Mullbridge? Ha, ha, and on *all* the horses!

MULLBRIDGE. (*low tone, quickly*) But I never did such a thing in my life.

BUNDY. (*low tone*) Neither did I—Oh, we won a lot of money while we were in Newport. Eh, Mullbridge, ha, ha!

MULLBRIDGE. Yes, yes.

MRS. WALTON. There, you see how strangely my brother acts.

MRS. JOY. Not half so strangely as Mr. Bundy. (*disdainfully*) We will leave you, gentlemen, if you will excuse us. We think perhaps you prefer to be alone. (*to* MRS. WALTON) Will you go down to have a little supper?

MRS. WALTON. In a few moments.

(*Exit* MRS. JOY *at* R. 2 E. *Exit* MRS. WALTON *at back, going towards* L.)

MULLBRIDGE. Mr. Bundy, I don't quite understand—

BUNDY. (R. *quickly*) You don't need to. They think I've been at the Ocean House and I want them to go on thinking so—

MULLBRIDGE. (L.) I received a telegram saying that Mrs. Brewster had gone.

BUNDY. Yes, but she was to come back to-day.

(*Enter* WILLIAM *at back from* L. *with salver and card.*)

BUNDY. (*excitedly*) Who is it—somebody to see Mrs. Joy?

WILLIAM. (C.) Yes, sir, I don't rightly make out the name— (*looking at the card*) —but the lady's in the little parlor across the hall.

BUNDY. A lady! Wait a moment! (*rushes up stage, gets up on sofa in corridor at back, seems to*

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be looking out through transom L.) Mrs. Brewster!

MULLBRIDGE. (*at same moment that* BUNDY *starts up stage, goes to* WILLIAM, *looks at card*) Mrs. Brewster!

(BUNDY *comes rapidly down stage, puts on his earlaps and hat, and begins to tangle himself up in his other things, while* MULLBRIDGE *and* WILLIAM *talk* L. C. *up stage.*)

MULLBRIDGE. Mrs. Joy is not in, you understand.

WILLIAM. I beg your pardon, sir, but she is in.

MULLBRIDGE. I will bet you two dollars that you are right. I've lost the bet, and there's the money. (*gives him bill*) I am certainly getting demoralized. I suppose it's those races.

WILLIAM. (*sanctimonious air*) Really, sir, to deceive such a good mistress—for two dollars—

MULLBRIDGE. Ah, that means that you want four. (*gives him another bill*) Quick, now! Send her away. (*driving him off*)

WILLIAM. I'm afraid my conscience, sir, will trouble me—

MULLBRIDGE. Ah. (*giving him another bill*)—that means that you want five. Hurry, now. (WILLIAM *goes up* C. *and off* L. BUNDY *observes this bus.*)

MULLBRIDGE. (*to* BUNDY) I shall leave town at once. Good-bye. (*rushes off precipitately at back, turning towards right*)

BUNDY. (*drops clothes he has been trying to put on. Throws down hat, so as to leave only earlaps on. Runs up stage, gets on sofa, looks through transom off* L. *dancing up and down*) She's going! She's going!

(*Enter* MRS. JOY, R. 2 E. *sees him*)

MRS. JOY. Oh! (*throws up her hands, exit quickly at* R. 2 E.)

(*Enter at back coming from left,* DOBBINS, *catches* BUNDY *dancing, comic picture for a moment.*)

DOBBINS. Come down. I have an idea! (BUNDY

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gets down and comes towards front with DOBBINS, *still keeping his earlaps on*) Do you think you could do a little—acting? Could you conduct yourself in a perfectly irrational manner?

BUNDY. (R. C.) I think I've been doing it.

DOBBINS. You don't understand. Could you manage to give people the impression that you were a little—a—insane?

BUNDY. I see no use of my trying, if I haven't done that already.

DOBBINS. Perhaps, on second thoughts, you would better not try it. I saw Mrs. Walton coming this way in the hall. When she comes in, march right past her without saying a word, and leave the rest to me. (*crosses to* L. *corner*)

(*Enter* MRS. WALTON *at back* C. *from* L.)

(BUNDY *goes up* L. C. *at back.*)

MRS. WALTON. (*as he passes her speaks very sweetly*) Going out, Mr. Bundy?

(BUNDY *exits* C. *towards right without replying.*)

MRS. WALTON. (*to* DOBBINS, *coming down* R. C.) How very strange!

DOBBINS. (L. *shakes his head and sighs*) Ah! If there had been nothing stranger than that!

MRS. WALTON. (R.) Mr. Dobbins, you alarm me. I take a *great* interest in Mr. Bundy's welfare.

DOBBINS. Yes, surely, we all do as his friends. Let us sit down. (DOBBINS *sits on ottoman* C. MRS. WALTON *on chair* R. *of table* L.) Anxiety, you know, makes one glad to find a confidante.

MRS. WALTON. (*anxiously*) Do go on, Mr. Dobbins.

DOBBINS. Have you noticed anything peculiar in Mr. Bundy's actions?

MRS WALTON. (*alarmed*) You don't mean that you think—

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DOBBINS. Now—now—don't be alarmed, Mrs. Walton. But of late I have been forced to think that he was not quite— (*little pause*) himself.

MRS. WALTON. You think that his mind is—a—

DOBBINS. I didn't say so, but his actions *have* been very peculiar. He talks strangely, at times almost incoherently. And now I shall surprise you. He has not been in Newport at all during the past week, but has been concealed in his room in this hotel. You must admit that that looks very strange.

MRS. WALTON. Mr. Dobbins! (*half rising, and then falling back again*)

DOBBINS. But this is not all. (MRS. WALTON *startled*) I have—inferred from remarks he has dropped that he has engaged himself to as many as three or four different ladies— (*sensation for* MRS. WALTON) —and the singular part of it is that, in some of the cases, he has no clear idea how it happened. That you see, is another bad sign. (*sighs*)

MRS. WALTON. (*assumed indifference, but anxious*) Is it—er—known—who they are?

DOBBINS. (*dismayed and confused for a moment*) Well, you can imagine that he might be reticent, about that. I don't believe that you, for example, could find out anything from him about it.

MRS. WALTON. (*aside, sighs*) Then no one knows; I'm so relieved. (*rising and looking about*) You don't think he's dangerous? (*coming* C.)

DOBBINS. (*rising, crosses* L. *protesting*) Oh, no, no. (*aside*) It's going to work.

MRS. WALTON. I'm almost afraid to meet him again.

DOBBINS. (*aside*) It is working. (*to* MRS. WALTON) Now don't, I beg of you, draw any hasty inferences. I dare say he needs rest and quiet. A few days in the company of friends like *yourself*—

MRS. WALTON. (*quickly*) I'm very sorry, but I'm going away to-night.

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DOBBINS. Indeed! (*shows delight—aside*) It has worked.

MRS. WALTON. (*still nervous*) Yes, with my brother.

DOBBINS. Well, we will take care of him, Mrs. Walton. It's nothing, I'm sure. And let me impress upon you the necessity of secrecy.

MRS. WALTON. Yes, yes.

DOBBINS. If such an idea should get about, it might have unpleasant consequences. (*aside, as if just struck with the idea*) It might—that's a fact—So please keep the secret. And don't let your fears exaggerate what may be of no importance. Good evening, Mrs. Walton. (*exit at back, going towards* L.)

MRS. WALTON. Good-evening, Mr. Dobbins. (*aside*) I'll go and burn my letters at once, find my brother, and take a night train. If Mr. Bundy can understand anything, he'll know that all is over between us—

(*Enter* MRS. JOY *at* R. 2 E.)

MRS. JOY. (R.) Ah, you're ready to go down?

MRS. WALTON. (L.) I don't think I shall go down to supper.

MRS. JOY. (R.) No? (*busies herself in some way about her dress*)

MRS. WALTON. (L. *aside*) I wonder if I ought to tell her. He might propose to her too, poor thing.—Mrs. Joy— (*mysterious voice and manner*) I've something important to tell you. (MRS. JOY *crosses to her with expression of ordinary interest*) —about Mr. Bundy. (MRS. JOY *eager*) This must be in the *strictest* confidence. They say, a woman can't keep a secret, and I want to show that she can.

MRS. JOY. (R. C. *impatiently*) Yes, yes.

MRS. WALTON. (L. C. *hesitating an instant about naming* DOBBINS) Mr. —— a friend of *mine* and of Mr. *Bundy's* says— (*looks about fearfully; then whispers in* MRS. JOY'S *ear*)

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MRS. JOY. (R. C. *looks at her a moment in astonishment*) Absurd!

MRS. WALTON. (L. C.) But this gentleman says—(*same business*)

MRS. JOY. It's ridiculous.

MRS. WALTON. I'm sure I *hope* it isn't true.

MRS. JOY. Mr. Bundy is a man of remarkable judgement.

MRS. WALTON. I thought I had reason to think so. (*going up*)

MRS. JOY. (*aside*) I wish I could tell her what reason *I* have to think so. (*crosses* L.)

(*As* MRS. WALTON *approaches back,* BUNDY *enters* C. *from* R., *without his wraps.* MRS. WALTON *starts; shows great terror.*)

MRS. WALTON. (L. C. *not too loud*) Oh! (*exit at back, going towards left*)

MRS. JOY. (*at left front does not see all this*) I wish I had asked her who the gentleman was.

(BUNDY *delighted at* MRS. WALTON'S *fright.*)

(*Enter* DOBBINS *at back from* L. *They shake hands in hilarious way.* DOBBINS *hands him letter, which he opens quickly.*)

MRS. JOY. If it had been Cousin George, or some responsible person, but mere gossip! Pshaw! (*looks into small mirror at left, and gives little touches to her toilette*)

BUNDY. (*comes down* R. C. DOBBINS *on his* L. *Overjoyed*) Dobbins, it's from Mrs. Brewster. She has discovered that no person by the name of Bundy has been at the Ocean House in Newport. (*reads*) "Your letters then were frauds of the deepest dye. All is ended between us. I return to Saratoga, and leave you to the torture of your own reflections."—(*they shake hands hilariously*) All is ended! Ha! Ha!

MRS. JOY. (*change of manner, as if after reflec-*

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tion) But his actions *have* been very strange. And that dancing on the sofa. Perhaps she was one of the women. What if it were true?

DOBBINS. (C.) That clears the field for you. And now— (*pointing to* MRS. JOY) You can go and arrange your wedding tour. (*exit at back, going towards left*)

(BUNDY *comes down* R. C. *rubbing his hands, laughing, and wagging his head. Manner should be a little exaggerated.*)

(*1st bell.*)

MRS. JOY (*turns and sees* BUNDY) That laugh! Go away! Go away! (*runs up left of stage as if to barricade herself behind ottoman and other furniture*)

BUNDY. (*dismay. Faltering voice*) My darling—

MRS. JOY. I'm not your darling! I never will be your darling!—Shoo! (*waving with her hand to him to go away*)

BUNDY. (*piteously*) Lucy! What's the matter?

MRS. JOY. (*talks volubly, while working her way towards back to get across room, crosses back of ottoman while* BUNDY *is in front of it.* BUNDY *follows her about at a distance*) Don't come near me! (*music pp. Bolts through door at* R. 2 E. *slams and locks it, and is heard still talking on the other side*)

(*Enter* RIPLEY *and* DOBBINS *at back from* L.)

(*2nd bell.*)

BUNDY. (*at door* R. 2 E.) Lucy! Lucy! (*crossing to* DOBBINS) *She* believes it too! (*music pp. Pointing to* R. 2 E. DOBBINS *thunderstruck*)

BUNDY. (*sits down on ottoman*) O, Lucy!

BUNDY.

DOBBINS. RIPLEY.

QUICK CURTAIN.

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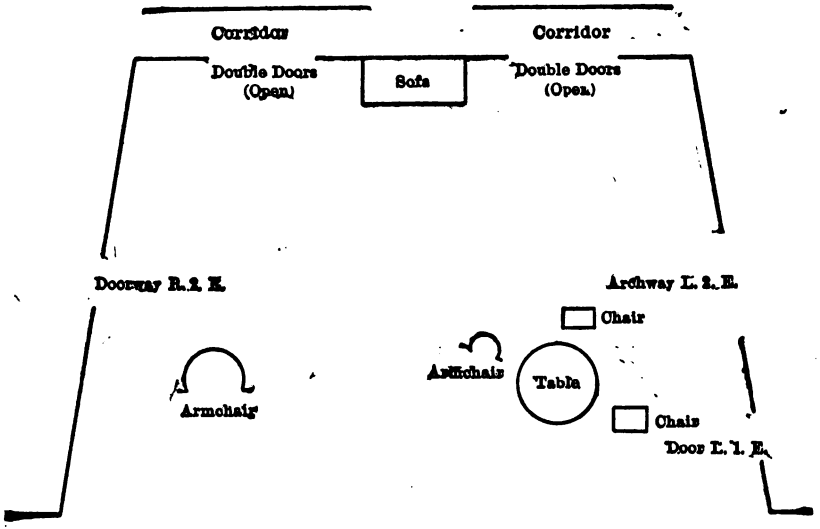
ACT III



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ACT III

SCENE:—*Parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Enter* L. 2 E. MULLBRIDGE, *followed by* MRS. WALTON, *and* HOTEL BOY *who has his hands full of valises, wraps, etc.* MULLBRIDGE *has duster over his arm.* MRS. WALTON *is in a travelling costume.* MULLBRIDGE *seats himself right centre at back on sofa, wearied, distressed and nervous.*

MRS. WALTON. (L. C. *sits at table*) Just two weeks to-day since we went away. (*sighs*)

MULLBRIDGE. (R. C. *manner very irritable for the most part during this act*) Yes!

MRS. WALTON. And I've been dragged about *so* fast from place to place that if you were to *ask* me where I had been I don't *believe* I could say.

MULLBRIDGE. (*a little more mildly*) Well, you know, Sister, each time I thought I might find an air in which I could sleep,— (*aside*) and I was always afraid of meeting Mrs. Brewster.

MRS. WALTON. Yes, but such frights and terrors as you've brought me through! Think how you turned pale and trembled at the station in Albany because you thought you saw a lady dressed like a widow—

MULLBRIDGE. (*aside*) Because I saw Mrs. Brewster.

MRS. WALTON. Your nervous system is evidently in a very serious condition.

MULBRIDGE. (*irritably*) Yes, yes.

MRS. WALTON. (*aside*) I wish that was all I feared.

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MULLBRIDGE. (*rising and looking about anxiously*) I think I'll go up-stairs and lie down. (MRS. WALTON *rises also*) If I could only sleep! But I know I shall not. Two weeks almost without sleep. (*sighs*)

MRS. WALTON. Yes, but do try. You may get a few moments' rest and even a little will help you. (*aside*) I hope Dr. Lane received my letter.

MULLBRIDGE. Yes, I will make the endeavor, but just as I am dozing off, one of my nerves gives a jerk like a bell-rope and I am wide awake— (*looking off left, suddenly frightened*) Ha!— (*pointing off left as if really losing control of himself*) There she is!

MRS. WALTON. Who? Where?

MULLBRIDGE. That woman!— (*aside*) Mrs. Brewster! (*as if suddenly recollecting himself*) No! There she is—(*pointing off right, and turning* MRS. WALTON *to look that way evidently keeping her from looking off left*) There! There!

MRS. WALTON. But there's nobody there!

MULLBRIDGE. She's gone now!

MRS. WALTON. (*walking away—aside*) There it is again!

MULLBRIDGE. (*aside*) Who could have thought she would get back here so soon? (*nervously*) I'll go right up-stairs. (*aside*) If I should meet her! (*exit rapidly* R. C. *at back, going towards right*)

MRS. WALTON. (*looking after him*) Oh, there's no doubt about it. I hope Dr. Lane will come soon.

DR. LANE. (*appears at left doorway, back, face towards left speaking off*) Yes, just take my card, will you, to Mrs. Walton, and say that I am waiting here? (*middle-aged man, has patronizing manner seen in some doctors, but talks briskly—widower*)

MRS. WALTON. (R.) Is this Dr. Lane?

DR. LANE. (L. C.) And this is Mrs. Walton? (MRS. WALTON *bows*) Very fortunate, I'm sure. Now, Madam, you wish to talk to me about your brother?

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MRS. WALTON. Will you be seated, sir?

DR. LANE. (*sitting at left of* MRS. WALTON—MRS. WALTON *at table*) Thank you.

MRS. WALTON. (*seated* R. *of table*) I am *so* anxious about him, and I know your great reputation as an expert in—(*says as if with effort*) mental troubles.

DR. LANE. (*bows—aside*) Fine-looking woman.

MRS. WALTON. We discovered lately that one of our friends was—that his mind was affected and then I was sure I knew what the trouble was with my brother. It is a great trial and responsibility. I am a widow and alone in the world.

DR. LANE. And I am a widower. What a striking coincidence! (*pause. Sympathetic tone*) Many years ago?

MRS. WALTON. (*sighs*) Six.

DR. LANE. How very strange. Just when I lost my lamented Martha. (*sighs. More business as above*) We must all die, Mrs. Walton.

MRS. WALTON. (*putting handkerchief to her eyes*) Yes, James did. (*pause. They cry*)

DR. LANE. Yes, so did Martha. Her case was one of the most interesting, from a medical point of view, I've ever known— (*handkerchief again*)

MRS. WALTON. So was James's. The Doctor said he never saw anything like it. (*handkerchief again*)

DR. LANE. (*putting away handkerchief*) But we must all live, Mrs. Walton.

MRS. WALTON. (*putting away handkerchief*) Yes, that is true.

DR. LANE. Cheerfulness is a duty. In fact, it's a feature of my system.

MRS. WALTON. It was a marked feature of James's character. (*handkerchief again*)

DR. LANE. Also of Martha's. (*handkerchief again. Pause, while both keep handkerchiefs up to their eyes*) Mrs. Walton, I see that we have much in common. I feel that a bond exists between us. I

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shall take a deep and special interest in your brother's case on—your account. Now let me ask you whether he has any—er—delusions or hallucinations? (*they move close to each other.*)

MRS. WALTON. (*earnestly*) Yes.

DR. LANE. (*interested*) Ah!

MRS. WALTON. He thinks he's always being pursued by some one.

DR. LANE. Yes—yes—dear, dear.

MRS. WALTON. He sees people who are not there—

DR. LANE. A common variety of mental trouble. And is there any special form for these—er—visions?

MRS. WALTON. Yes, always the same thing! (*drawing close together*) Widows!

DR. LANE. (*looks away, then back at her*) How very singular!—Well, I see nothing, Mrs. Walton, that will not yield to treatment. We manage very difficult cases. One of the greatest triumphs of my system was the cure of a gentleman who thought he was a tea-kettle and wanted to be put upon the stove three times a day to boil. Your brother has never used any threatening language, I hope, or made any violent displays of anger?

MRS. WALTON. (*rising, alarmed*) Such cases do become dangerous, don't they?

DR. LANE. (*rising—reassuringly*) Oh, not necessarily—the er—*medulla oblongata*—

MRS. WALTON. You don't say so, Doctor. You frighten me! You take patients into your own house, don't you?

DR. LANE. I do hold a license for a private asylum, so as to care for a patient now and then. It isn't my custom—

MRS. WALTON. But you will do it for me, won't you, Dr. Lane?

DR. LANE. (*aside*) Very nice woman.

MRS. WALTON. Can't you examine him?

DR. LANE. The law forbids it, if you want to put

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him under my charge. Oh, two young doctors, friends of mine are in the hotel now. You could introduce them to your brother as friends of yours.

MRS. WALTON. Yes, yes.

DR. LANE. (*thoughtfully*) And yet if it's only to give him a few days' rest and quiet, it's a pity to have a regular commitment.

MRS. WALTON. (*quickly*) I don't understand.

DR. LANE. Well, you see, if we go to the court for an order it may become public. It might be managed. Where a patient is dangerous he can be confined immediately upon the physician's certificate, but only for five days. It will be unusual, but if you would assume the responsibility—

MRS. WALTON. Yes, yes—It wouldn't be necessary to use force, I hope.

DR. LANE. Oh, no. My friends have a couple of men—(*she starts*) good kind fellows. Before five days he'll be so pleased with my system that he'll be ready to stay longer.

MRS. WALTON. I'm so grateful to you. (*aside*) A charming man.

DR. LANE. (*rising*) Now I'll send my friends to you at once. (*shaking hands with* MRS. WALTON *cheerfully*) Don't let us worry about this. Let us remember the tea-kettle who thought he was a gentleman—I mean—er—yes, yes.

MRS. WALTON. I hope we're doing everything for the best.

DR. LANE. I'm sure we are. Let us be cheerful—Hopeful. Good morning.

MRS. WALTON. Good morning, Dr. Lane. (DR. LANE *goes towards left entrance at back,* MRS. WALTON *towards right entrance at back, they look backwards at each other. Both turn*)

DR. LANE. I beg your pardon, did you—er?

MRS. WALTON. No—I—er—thought you did.

DR. LANE. No—er, that is, good morning. (*exit left entrance at back.*)

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MRS. WALTON. Good morning—(*looking after him*) I wonder how I should like to marry a doctor? It would be very convenient always to have one in the house. (*sighs. Exit at right entrance at back.*)

(*Enter* DOBBINS R. 2 E. *looks at watch and then puts it up. Flowers in his buttonhole. Hat in hand.*)

DOBBINS. Late of course! He's always late.

(*Enter* BUNDY L. 2 E. *looks at watch, then puts it up. Flowers in button-hole. Does not see* DOBBINS.)

BUNDY. Just on time, of course.

DOBBINS. (R. C.) Good morning, Bundy. You're late.

BUNDY. (L. C.) Sir!

DOBBINS. You're five minutes late. (*takes out watch.* BUNDY *does same. They come down front*) Nearly six minutes now.

BUNDY. Mr. Dobbins, we were to meet in this parlor at precisely eleven o'clock. Look at my watch.

(BUNDY *and* DOBBINS *hold out hands, with watches in them, defiantly towards each other*)

DOBBINS. I am looking at *my* watch.

BUNDY. Your watch is wrong. It's always wrong.

DOBBINS. (*angrily*) I've left the club every night at ten o'clock by that watch for eighteen years.

BUNDY. (*putting up his watch*) Then you've left the club every night for eighteen years five minutes too soon. If you die by that watch you'll be alive five minutes after you think you're dead!

DOBBINS. (*very angry, putting up his watch.*) This is too much!—Mr. Bundy you can be married without my assistance. (*starting as if to go.*)

BUNDY. No, no, George—don't—don't. I was wrong. I'm an ill-tempered old fellow. I give up.

DOBBINS. (*softening*) ' No, no, I'll give up.

BUNDY. (*a little angry*) I say that I will!

DOBBINS. Well, well. (*they shake hands.*)

BUNDY. (*sitting down at left centre*) Now sit

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down and tell me (DOBBINS *sits down near table*) Did you see the Rev. Mr. Surplice?

DOBBINS. Yes, he'll be here at half-past twelve precisely to perform the ceremony.

BUNDY. (*very happy*) Think of that! In two hours I shall be married! I didn't think two weeks ago, I should say that so soon.

DOBBINS. Well, you see it was best to tell Mrs. Joy the whole story.

BUNDY. Yes, and now we must keep the marriage an absolute secret till we're safely out of town—just you and the maid as witnesses. I'm a little nervous this morning—Mrs. Walton and Mullbridge haven't come back, have they?

DOBBINS. No, they're not expected for a week yet.

BUNDY. (*rising*) How do I look! Eh! Now am I all right? (*buttoning up his coat, pulling it down behind, etc., like a man trying on a coat.*)

DOBBINS. (*remains seated*) Oh, yes. I see you've got on the *same trousers.*

BUNDY. (*with dignity*) I've worn no other color for twenty years, as you know. These trousers are good enough to be married in, I presume?

DOBBINS. Oh, yes—Mullbridge has taken to wearing *your color* lately?

BUNDY. (L.) Mullbridge! (*contemptuously*)

(*Enter* RIPLEY *at* R. 2 E. *with letter and hat, down* C.)

RIPLEY. O, Uncle, they gave me this letter at the office for you.

BUNDY. (*aside*) The mere sight of a letter makes me nervous—(*sits down, tears open the envelope, but does not open the letter.*)

RIPLEY. (*looks at his watch aside*) She'll be here soon. (*seems uneasy*) I didn't know you were going away, Uncle.

BUNDY. (*embarrassed*) Yes, the season's beginning, you know.

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RIPLEY. Where are you going?

BUNDY. (*quickly*) I don't know. (*then catches himself.*)

DOBBINS. (*warningly*) Ahem!

RIPLEY. You don't know?

BUNDY. No, Tom, I really don't. I want a change. I may go to Saratoga, or Newport. But I'm really quite undecided.

RIPLEY. I'll see you in your room.

BUNDY. Yes—or here. (*looking at letter.*)

RIPLEY. (*aside*) Here! He may spoil my rendezvous. (*exit at* R. 2 E.)

BUNDY. (*rises, to* DOBBINS *who rises also*) It's from Mrs. Brewster! What now I wonder. (*reads*) "I had intended as I wrote you to leave you to the torture of your own reflections." Why didn't she do it then? That's a very small favor. (*reading*) "But I hear a rumor that you are to be married and I feel it my duty to discover your victim and expose you. My motives will not be misconstrued as I am engaged to be married."

DOBBINS. (*laughs*) Already, Ha! Ha!

BUNDY. (*reading*) "I expect to reach the Fifth Avenue Hotel to-morrow"—(*bus.*) That means to-day—Dobbins, something must be done at once.

DOBBINS. Why? You've told Mrs. Joy all about it.

BUNDY. Well, the fact is, I—er—haven't—(*pause.*)

DOBBINS. I thought you made a clean breast of everything.

BUNDY. (*deprecatingly*) Well, pretty clean, George—pretty clean—But I couldn't tell her that I had proposed to Mrs. Brewster only three months ago. (DOBBINS *disgusted goes down* L. BUNDY *follows*) We must hasten the marriage, and get out of town before she arrives.

DOBBINS. I wish she would arrive!

BUNDY. You go to Mr. Surplice's house, and

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bring him here. (*urging him off towards left*) Make some excuse, tell him we find we must take an earlier train—or something, and meantime I'll see Lucy. (*exit* DOBBINS *at* L. 2. E. BUNDY *turns again towards right*) (*sol.*) Too bad she's gone out. (*enter* MRS. JOY L. C. *at back with hat on, parasol, etc.*) Oh, I was just going to look for you.

MRS. JOY. (L. C. *her manner rather stern*) I went out to give some final orders.

BUNDY. (C. *at* MRS. JOY'S *right*) My, my dear—(*hesitatingly*) I—er—find that we shall have to hasten the ceremony a little. The train for—er—the train leaves a little earlier than I thought. Dobbins has gone to bring Mr. Surplice—Now don't you think we had better decide where we are going on our wedding tour?

MRS. JOY. (*tartly, crossing to right in front of* BUNDY) You must have decided it already, if you know when the train goes.

BUNDY. (L. C. *confused*) Well—er.

MRS. JOY. (R. C.) You talk very strangely today.

BUNDY. I don't like to bring up the buried past, but Mrs. —er—*Walton might come back suddenly.* She might make it very *disagreeable.*

MRS. JOY. I'm sure it's bad enough to have the marriage so secret that not a woman in the hotel knows anything about it—no talk, no gossip, no questions, no surprises, no congratulations, nothing of all this. I am to be married on the sly as if I were committing a crime.

BUNDY. My dear—

MRS. JOY. I feel as if I were becoming not your wife, but your accomplice, and now you want me to hasten the marriage so that we can run away all the sooner, as if the police were on our track.

BUNDY. My dear, if you will let me have *my* way this time, you shall always have *yours* after this—

MRS. JOY. You had better leave that to me, Mr.

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Bundy. But I shall do as you wish. (*going towards* R. 2 E.)

BUNDY. Oh, thank you—I'll follow you at once. Now hadn't we better decide where we'll go on our wedding tour?

MRS. JOY. (*turning near entrance with stony look*) I had thought of suggesting the *Ocean House at Newport.* (*exit at* R. 2 E.)

BUNDY. (*faltering voice*) My darling—(*turns towards centre—sighs*) I begin to see that there are in every woman unsuspected qualities which only time will develop—But we shall be happy—(*sighs*) I'm sure we shall.

(*Enter* DOBBINS *quickly* L. C. *at back, hat in hand. Scene rapid.*)

DOBBINS. Mr. Surplice is not at home, and won't be for two hours.

BUNDY. Well, we can't wait. Ring for a clergyman.

DOBBINS. You can't order a clergyman as you would a bottle of wine.

BUNDY. The idea, that in a first class hotel I can't get a clergyman when I want one!

DOBBINS. I say, you can't!

BUNDY. I say I can.

DOBBINS. Well, if you want everybody to know you're to be married, I'll ring. What shall I order—a rich fruity Bishop of the vintage of 1810, or a mellow D. D. or a clergyman *ordinaire* with no cobwebs and a clean new label?

BUNDY. (*impatiently*) Oh, well, I dare say you're right, but we must find a clergyman at once. We'll go together. (*they turn towards* L. 2 E.) There! (*pointing* L.) Mrs. Brewster! (*turns up in fright towards centre.* DOBBINS *turning with him*) And there's Mrs. Walton! (*looking towards* R. C. *back, bolts towards back in great terror, dragging* DOBBINS *by the arm. Exeunt left entrance at back*)

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(*Enter* MRS. JOY *at* R. 2 E.)

MRS. JOY. I can't understand why Mr. Bundy doesn't come. He's not here—Ah, there's his man. I'll go and question him. (*exit rapidly at* L. 2 E.)

(*Enter* MRS. WALTON R. C. *at back.*)

MRS. WALTON. (*looking off towards right*) Thank you, gentlemen, I am very grateful to you for your trouble. (*sol.*) Oh, I am *so* nervous after that examination! (*sinks down on chair at right*) Poor brother, it can't be long now before the men will come.

(*Enter* DR. LANE L. C. *at back, briskly.*)

DR. LANE. (R.) Ah, Mrs. Walton, I did not expect this good fortune. (*takes her hand tenderly, but remains standing*) I hurried back to ask whether the doctors had reached a decision.

MRS. WALTON. Yes, they think my brother ought to be under your care for a few days—Had you better see him before he goes?

DR. LANE. No. Such patients take prejudices sometimes. He'd better not know *me* at all, and it will do no harm if I don't know *him.*—You'll come to see him this afternoon, won't you, Mrs. Walton?

MRS. WALTON. (*soft manner*) If you think best.

DR. LANE. Yes, it might have a soothing effect upon him—And then I feel that I ought to see more of you. You need a physician's care. (*taking her hand again.*)

MRS. WALTON. I'll come, Dr. Lane. (*rises*)

DR. LANE. (*going*) Good-bye, then, till this afternoon.

MRS. WALTON. Good-bye, Dr. Lane—(*aside*) He's very like poor dear James.

DR. LANE. How she reminds me of my lamented Martha. (*exit* L. C. *at back*)

MRS. WALTON. (*sinks down on chair* R. C.) I must rest a moment before I go up-stairs. Such

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excitement! I *hope* I'm doing everything for the best.

(*Enter* MRS. JOY *at* L. 2 E.)

MRS. JOY. (L. C. *aside.* MRS. WALTON *and* MRS. JOY *do not see each other*) Gone out in a hurry with Mr. Dobbins. Really, with all this confusion I feel as if I were running to a fire instead of attending my own wedding. There's a mystery somewhere. (*turns towards right.* MRS. WALTON *rises at the same time*) Oh, I didn't know you had come back, dear—(*they kiss.*)

MRS. WALTON. (R. C.) Just half an hour ago, dear.

MRS. JOY and MRS. WALTON. (*aside—together*) Tiresome thing!

MRS. WALTON. *Do* tell me how everybody is! Does Mr. Bundy seem more rational?

MRS. JOY. (*stony stare*) Quite so, I think.

MRS. WALTON. And where is he?

MRS. JOY. I don't know. (*aside*) I wish I did.

MRS. WALTON. Such people ought not to be left at large, even when they are supposed to be harmless. (*aside*) I do wish I could tell her about brother.

MRS. JOY. (*aside*) To think that I can't tell her we are to be married to-day! (*suppressed anger*)

MRS. WALTON. The law provides for just such cases. Why though I'm no connection of Mr. Bundy's if I thought he was dangerous *I* could complain and he could be sent to an asylum.

MRS. JOY. Your suspicions are absurd. He is to be married to-day.

MRS. WALTON. (*astonished*) And whom is he going to marry?

MRS. JOY. I am not at liberty to say.

MRS. WALTON. When are *you* going away for the summer, Mrs. Joy?

MRS. JOY. I expect to leave town in half an hour.

MRS. WALTON. (*aside*) Ah, then it is not she!

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Who can it be!—Good morning, dear Mrs. Joy, and good-bye. (*exit right entrance at back*)

MRS. JOY. (*stiffly*) Good-bye, dear Mrs. Walton —(*aside*) Dangerous, indeed! That is more than any one could say of you, Madam. (*exit* R. 2 E.)

(*Enter* BUNDY L. C. *at back, bustling, hurried manner with hat.*)

BUNDY. I hope Dobbins will find a clergyman somewhere; I was afraid Lucy might be growing nervous—I must sit down a minute—(*sits in chair at right side of table,* L. *mops his forehead*) and get my breath—I think we'll go to *Long Branch* on our wedding tour.

(*Enter* RIPLEY *right, at back, hat in hand.*)

RIPLEY. (*stops on seeing* BUNDY) He here! (*looks at his watch*) Just the moment for *Alice* to come.—Lucky he doesn't *know* her. O, Uncle.

BUNDY. Well, Tom.

RIPLEY. Have you decided yet where you're going?

BUNDY. (*unguardedly*)—on my—(*catches himself suddenly*) You mean where I am going—Well, Tom, the *Saratoga* air always agrees with me. (*aside*) I'll go to Long Branch. That will throw him off the track.

RIPLEY. You haven't got your ticket yet, have you?

BUNDY. No.

RIPLEY. If you'll give me the money, I'll go to the branch office in the hotel, and get your tickets *for* you. (*aside*) I want to make sure that he's going to Saratoga.

BUNDY. (*embarrassed*) Oh, I don't want a ticket—I'll get it myself.

RIPLEY. Oh, no, you don't want to go into the crowd—and then you must reserve your seat in the drawing-room car too. The trains are full now.

BUNDY. (*reluctantly, giving him money*) Well, two tickets.

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RIPLEY. (*astonished*) Two tickets—Why, is Mr. Dobbins going?

BUNDY. (*jumping up, crossing to right*) One ticket, of course! How absurd of you to ask me whether I want two tickets.

RIPLEY. All right, Uncle. (*goes to* L. C. *back, turns*) I'll get the ticket, and the seat—and—(*pausing and looking back*) While I am downstairs, I'll telegraph to the United States Hotel for rooms for you.

BUNDY. No—no—don't take that trouble—it isn't worth while.

RIPLEY. Oh, it's no trouble at all. (*exit* L. C.)

(*Enter* DOBBINS L. 2 E. *walking rapidly with hat.*)

DOBBINS. (*crossing. In low voice to* BUNDY) It's all right. He's a Bishop—(BUNDY *pleased*) A colored Bishop—(BUNDY *aghast*) Best I could do—(*pause*) Vacation season now.

BUNDY. What am I to do with tickets for Saratoga? Sell them to a scalper, I suppose—And rooms engaged too!

DOBBINS. (*crosses to* R.) Come, the Bishop's waiting—(*taking* BUNDY'S *arm*)

BUNDY. That boy's a nuisance!—What do people get married and have nephews for, anyhow? (*exeunt* R. 2 E.)

RIPLEY. (*reappears* L. C. *at back looking after them as they go off with certain air of caution*) There they go. Now if they'll only give me their room instead of their company for a little while. (*enter* MISS LANE L. 2 E.—RIPLEY *goes to her quickly*) Alice! I was afraid you might not come.

MISS LANE. It seems wicked to meet you in a hotel parlor.

RIPLEY. It was the only way we could have a good talk—(*looking about*) There's no one here. (*kisses her.*)

MISS LANE. Dear me! I feel as if I had been kissed on Broadway.

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RIPLEY. (*brings chair to* C. *She comes* C. *Bringing chair and putting it close to chair* C. MISS LANE *sits down on chair* C.) Now, Alice, I want to have a serious talk with you.—(*sits down by* MISS LANE) Something important, don't let it excite you—(*earnestly*) Alice, you haven't any trouble with your heart, have you?

MISS LANE. (L. C. *laughingly*) Only the one you discovered.

RIPLEY. (R. C.) Let me feel your pulse—(*takes her right hand in his, puts left arm around her waist*) (*little pause, as if counting*) That's about at the rate of 80.

MISS LANE. (*archly*) When you're feeling a patient's pulse, do you always put your arm around the patient's waist?

RIPLEY. The skilful practitioner always adapts the treatment to the case. Now, Alice, it's evident my uncle will never consent to our marriage.

MISS LANE. I'm sorry.

RIPLEY. (*half aside*) Pulse steady—80—And there's no chance that your father will consent until Uncle does.

MISS LANE. (*shaking her head regretfully*) No.

RIPLEY. Well then we must—(*pauses as if counting*)

MISS LANE. (*moment's pause*) You provoking boy, don't stop to count my pulse now.

RIPLEY. 85!

MISS LANE. What is it we must do?

RIPLEY. 95!

MISS LANE. Well, of course, when you excite me so!

RIPLEY. We must run away!

MISS LANE. How could you suggest such a thing! Why, it might get into the newspapers!

RIPLEY. Halloo! I thought your pulse would go to 100. It's down to 75! (*lets go of her hand*)

MISS LANE. (*aggrieved air*) Because I'm not

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going! People would say, "Oh, I read something about them I don't remember exactly what it was, but he was her father's coachman, or a defaulter, or she was divorced twice."

RIPLEY. (*rising and walking off to right*) Well, then, we can't be married—You take it too hard, Alice—It's nothing to do—(*coming back—laughingly*) It's just to go away for two weeks somewhere on a jolly trip and then come back, and—er—be forgiven.

MISS LANE. Yes, but it would seem dreadful to elope with you—*alone*. It wouldn't seem so strange if we had somebody with us.

RIPLEY. Well, I should prefer myself—

MISS LANE. (*still protesting*) And how could I manage it? I should feel as if everybody in the house knew I was running away.

RIPLEY. (*sitting down, different attitude from before*) Why, we are going to the concert at Steinway Hall this afternoon at half-past two. We'll leave your father's house at two, take the elevated road down—

MISS LANE. (*as if beginning to like the idea*) Eloping on the elevated road! That would be awfully jolly.

RIPLEY. —and—and we'll find a clergyman to marry us, and (*laughing*)—we'll have to go somewhere. We wouldn't be eloping if we didn't go somewhere.

MISS LANE. That's true.

RIPLEY. Do you know I found out a few moments ago that my uncle was going away to-day and it occurred to me that it will be just a little bit awkward if we should go to the same place he did and we should meet.

MISS LANE. How dreadful!

RIPLEY. So I've made *sure* he's going to Saratoga—I'm going to buy his ticket—and *we'll* go to *Long Branch*.

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MISS LANE. But we might meet somebody that we knew!

RIPLEY. Well you would be my wife.

MISS LANE. Yes, but I should feel as if people thought it was queer—Poor dear papa, it seems too hard to leave him alone.

RIPLEY. But you won't. We'll come back in two weeks and be forgiven.

MISS LANE. (*rising*) I must go—and go alone.

RIPLEY. Well, Alice, I'll come then at two.

MISS LANE. Yes, at two—(*lingering*) Good-bye —(*does not move*)

RIPLEY. Good-bye, dear.

MISS LANE. Good-bye! (*does not move.* RIPLEY *does not understand.* MISS LANE *looks about— then archly*) There's no one here.

RIPLEY. Ah! (*kisses her rapturously*)

MISS LANE. O, Tom! (*exit* L. 2 E.)

RIPLEY. (*going up towards* L. C. *stopping once to look back towards right, as if to see if anyone is coming*) Now I must get Uncle's ticket. (*exit* L. C.)

(*Enter* R. 2. E. DOBBINS, BUNDY *and* MRS. JOY. MRS. JOY *has on travelling suit and bonnet.* BUNDY *has duster on his arm and carries hat.* DOBBINS *with hat.* DOBBINS *is congratulating them, shaking hands.*)

BUNDY. (C. *radiant*) Married at last! (*shaking hands with* DOBBINS, *embraces* MRS. JOY) Mrs. Bundy!—(*his manner becomes flurried, anxious, bustling*) Now, George, will you see about the cab and the baggage? (DOBBINS *starts up towards* L. C.) Oh: and bring a copy of Mackey's time-table. (*exit* DOBBINS *at* L. C.) My dear, we haven't decided yet where we will go on our wedding tour. And now—er—what would you think—(*mysteriously*) of our leaving the hotel by different doors, or—er—taking different cabs?

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MRS. JOY. I have done nothing to be *ashamed of,* Mr. Bundy. If you have—

BUNDY. No, no, my dear, no, no—But Mrs. Walton has come back and—

MRS. JOY. She knows that you're to be married.

BUNDY. Eh?

MRS. JOY. I told her.

BUNDY. Humph!—Well, then, I'm all the more anxious—(*enter* DOBBINS L. C. *at back with Mackey's time-table*) Ah!

DOBBINS. The cab's at the door. Cousin Lucy, your trunks are strapped on. The expressman is coming for yours, Bundy.

BUNDY. Thank you—thank you—(*taking time-table*) I'll do as much for you, George, on your wedding day.

DOBBINS. (*half aside—resolute old bachelor air*) You'll never get the chance.

BUNDY. Now we ought really to decide where we are going on our—

DOBBINS. (*low voice to* BUNDY) I'll go down and get your tickets for Long Branch.

BUNDY. (*aside to* DOBBINS) Yes, I'll persuade her—(*exit* DOBBINS L. C. *at back*) My dear, let us make up our minds. (*they sit on chairs* C. BUNDY *turns over time-table*) Now, don't you think that the West End at Long Branch would be a pleasant spot?

MRS. JOY. I never hear of Long Branch without thinking of something John said once—John was my first husband, you know. (BUNDY *shows signs of irritation*)—Dick was my second. John was serious, Dick was jolly. (*laughs.*)

BUNDY. (*aside*) This is too much like the obituary columns.

MRS. JOY. (*laughing*) It wouldn't have seemed so ludicrous, I suppose, if John hadn't been so serious a man.

BUNDY. (*aside*) I shall simply be one of an alphabetical catalogue of husbands.

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MRS. JOY. Upon my word, I can't remember what it was that John said—But I am sure you would have laughed if you had heard him.—I suppose if we went to Long Branch, I should remember it.

BUNDY. (*turning to another page of the time-table*) I think we won't go to Long Branch—

MRS. JOY. There's Saratoga.

BUNDY. (*aside*) Where I might meet Mrs. Brewster. (*To* MRS. JOY) I should prefer not to go to Saratoga—There's Long Beach.

MRS. JOY. (*pleased*) Yes, that was Dick's favorite resort. I never shall forget how it looked the first time we went. Dick was always gay, and he liked it so much! I should be reminded of him at every turn.

BUNDY. (*turning to another place in time-table*) I don't think we will go to Long Beach. We might try one of these new roads—(*aside*) that have been built since the time of John and Dick. (*to* MRS. JOY) We might take the West Shore road to Niagara. (*with pleasure, as if forgetting himself*) I like Niagara. I went there on one of my wedding tours. (MRS. JOY *astonished.* BUNDY *catches her eye, becomes very confused and embarrassed*)

MRS. JOY. Mr. Bundy!

BUNDY. (*timidly*) Ma'am?

MRS. JOY. I thought you had never been married!

BUNDY. I never was, but—it's really a difficult thing to explain—I used to try wedding tours—(MRS. JOY *looks at him in amazement*) I always went alone—It's all a matter of taste. When you went on your wedding tours, you had company, I didn't.

MRS. JOY. (*aside*) I shall begin to think Mrs. Walton's theory about you is right.

BUNDY. Now hadn't we better decide—(*opening time-table again*)

MRS. JOY. I'll leave it entirely to you, Mr. Bundy.

BUNDY. We might try Mount Desert.

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MRS. JOY. No, I won't go to Mount Desert,—but I'll leave it entirely to you.

BUNDY. There's Newport—(*catching himself*) No, I didn't mean Newport—I meant Cape May.

MRS. JOY. (*rising and going up stage*) No, we won't go to Cape May.

BUNDY. (*rising and following*) Where then?

MRS. JOY. Anywhere that you say.

BUNDY. Watch Hill?

MRS. JOY. No.——I've forgotten my veil. (*goes* R.) You go down to the carriage and I'll join you there.

BUNDY. The Catskills?

MRS. JOY. No.

BUNDY. Where then?

MRS. JOY. Anywhere that you say. (*exit stiffly* R. 2. E.)

BUNDY. (*looks after her a moment*) We'll go to Long Branch. (*enter* RIPLEY L. C. *at back*)—if we meet the very ghost of John—or was it Dick?

RIPLEY. O Uncle, there's your ticket for *Saratoga*—(*giving him envelope*)—and the seat in the drawing-room car—and I telegraphed for the rooms—

BUNDY. Thank you—thank you.

RIPLEY. Now is there anything more I can do?

BUNDY. No, I think you have done quite enough.

RIPLEY. (*taking his hand*) Good-bye—Oh, can you tell me Mr. Surplice's address?—(BUNDY *in dismay*) You see I have a friend who wants to be married on the sly, and I thought Surplice might do the ceremony. (*laughing*) You know the man.

BUNDY. (*aside*) Does he mean me?

RIPLEY. Well, I see you don't remember the address. I'll find him.—Good-bye— (*going* L.)

(*Enter* ORLANDO HAWKINS *and another deputy sheriff* L. C. *at back, drop down* L. *corner.*)

RIPLEY. (*aside*) If he only knew *I* was the man!—What a joke! (*exit* L. 1 E.)

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(BUNDY *crosses to table* L. *Taking chair from* C. *with him, sits*)

HAWKINS. (L. C. *shabby genteel Englishman*) H'I'm looking for Mr. Samuel Bundy, sir—(BUNDY *alarmed*) H'I was told h'I should find him 'ere. H'it's a disagreeable duty, but h'I'm a deputy sheriff. 'Awkins is my name—H'Orlando 'Awkins, from h'England. (*producing paper*) H'I've got h'an order of arrest 'ere for Mr. Bundy for contempt of court h'in failing to h'answer to a jury notice. (*hands it to* BUNDY.)

BUNDY. (C. *aside*) Oh, I forgot that.

HAWKINS. H'an attachment, you know.

BUNDY. (*aside*) Well, my wife has a prior attachment for me.

HAWKINS. The Judge h'is 'oppin mad. 'E says the jury system must be h'up 'eld and Samuel Bundy h'esquire will be lucky if he don't get thirty days.

BUNDY. (*rolls his eyes—aside*) Put off a wedding tour for thirty days!—I'll try a little trick. (*hands paper to* HAWKINS) No, thank you, I dare say it's a very good dictionary, but I won't subscribe to-day. (*crosses* R.)

HAWKINS. Eh?

BUNDY. (*puts his hand to his ear as if very deaf*) Eh?

HAWKINS. (*disgusted*) Well, h'if we h'ain't been talkin' gently h'as suckin' doves to a deaf man! (*very loud*) Read it!— (*low voice*) You h'idiot! (*louder*) And h'if you're not the man, tell us where 'e h'is.

(*Enter* DOBBINS *left entrance at back, with hat and newspaper, goes down* R.)

DOBBINS. (R. *to* BUNDY, *low voice, hands him envelope*) There are your tickets for *Long Branch.*

BUNDY. (C.) Thank you—

(DOBBINS *goes and sits on chair* R. *and reads paper.* BUNDY *looks at* DOBBINS, *idea flashes upon him.*)

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BUNDY. (*low voice to* HAWKINS) Come here—(*draws him to table at left. Lays down on table time-table and envelope* DOBBINS *has given him*) I hate to betray a friend—(HAWKINS *and deputy turn to look towards* DOBBINS) No, don't look that way—don't trouble that gentleman—Go down to the office and inquire for Mr. Bundy.

HAWKINS. (L. C.) H'ah! H'O H'aitch smells a rat!

BUNDY. Now don't say I told you, I haven't told you, have I?

HAWKINS. You 'aven't that's a fact. H'O, you're a sharp one for h'all you're deaf.

BUNDY. Now let me get away first. He may make a scene. (*aside*) What a rascally trick! (*exit hurriedly* L. 2 E.)

(HAWKINS *and other deputy go, each to one side of* DOBBINS, *and pull him up out of his chair. Paper drops on the floor.*)

HAWKINS. Come along now—come along! We've been trying long enough to find you.

DOBBINS. (*angry and struggling*) What do you mean?

HAWKINS. (*the two dragging him along*) 'Awkins is my name—H'O 'Awkins.

DOBBINS. Let go of me.

HAWKINS. H'I'm a deputy sheriff, and h'I want you to come along. If you don't 'urry, I'll be gettin' thirty days myself.

DOBBINS. Let go!

HAWKINS. You'll go as sure as my name's H'O 'Awkins. (*exeunt* L. C. *at back, struggling and disputing*)

(*Enter* RIPLEY L. 1 E.)

RIPLEY. (*looking about*) Uncle's not here. (*near table*) Halloo, he's left his railroad guide. (*taking envelope*) What's this? Two tickets for Long Branch! He must have left them here—The

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man must have given me Long Branch tickets by mistake.—I'll go and change them for him. (*exit* L. C. *at back*)

(*Enter* MRS. JOY R. 2 E. *wearing veil.*)

MRS. JOY. Ah, he's probably gone down to the carriage—I shall meet fewer people if I go down the stairs. (*starts briskly across stage talking as she goes*) I declare, there's so much mystery and plotting and contriving about this marriage I feel—(*exit at* L. 2 E.)

(*Enter* BUNDY *at* L. C. *at back.*)

BUNDY. She's not in the carriage. I don't dare to wait there. Those fellows may come back. (*looking off both ways*) She certainly did not pass me.—She must be in her room. I don't want to meet Mrs. Walton. Well, between widows and deputy sheriffs, my wedding day is a reign of terror—It's very hot! (*exit at* R. 2 E. *walking briskly, fanning and mopping himself*)

(*Enter* MRS. JOY L. C. *at back, walking briskly, fanning herself.*)

MRS. JOY. It's very hot!—He's not in the carriage. I don't like to stay there. (*looking about*) I'll knock at his door. This is no way to treat a lady especially if you have married her. I never had to chase around my first—ahem!—or my second—ahem! We shall lose the train. (*suddenly recollecting*) What train?—Well, for a wedding day this exceeds anything in my experience, and I've had considerable. (*exit hurriedly at* R. 2 E.)

(*Enter hurriedly* R. C. *at back,* BUNDY, *increased signs of heat and breathlessness.*)

BUNDY. Perhaps she went down the stairs while I was in the elevator. I'll go down the stairs. I believe we shall miss the train. (*recollecting*) For where? (*walking briskly*) Upon my word, we

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haven't decided yet—Halloo, what did I do with the tickets Dobbins gave me? (*begins to feel in his pockets*)

(*Enter* RIPLEY *rapidly* L. C. *at back, down* L.)

RIPLEY. (L. C.) O, Uncle, I found your tickets here. The man must have given me two tickets for Long Branch by mistake—So I went and changed them for you for a ticket for Saratoga. (*handing him ticket*)

BUNDY. (R. C. *aside*) More tickets for Saratoga. (*crosses to* L.)

RIPLEY. Oh, I saw the Rev. Surplice. And who do you suppose had been there to get him to perform a marriage ceremony?—(BUNDY *in terror*) Why, Dobbins!—What a joke it would be if Dobbins was going to be married—eh, Uncle?—Oh, but I nearly forgot. (*giving him baggage checks*) There are the checks for your trunks. The expressman was going to check them for Long Branch. He got it wrong somehow. I was there just in time to get them checked to Saratoga. Wasn't it lucky?

BUNDY. Very.

RIPLEY. (*going up towards* L.) I don't know what you'd do without me, Uncle. I'll come back in time to go to the train with you— (BUNDY *gives a start. Exit* RIPLEY *quickly* L. C. *at back*)

BUNDY. (*looking after him*) I'd like to drown that boy. (*exit* L. 1 E.)

(*Enter* MRS. JOY *at* R. 2 E.)

MRS. JOY. (*walks quickly across without pausing*) Perhaps he went down in the elevator. I'll take the elevator. If I ever find him! (*exit at* L. 2 E.)

(MULLBRIDGE *and* MRS. WALTON *enter at* R. C. *entrance at back.*)

MULLBRIDGE. (*his manner very irritable during*

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this scene) Who were those fellows that asked me all the impertinent questions?

MRS. WALTON. (*reassuring manner*) Friends, dear.

MULLBRIDGE. What business is it of theirs how I sleep, and whether I can stick out my tongue straight? (*sits down on sofa*) I am not accustomed to have people ask me to stick out my tongue the first time I'm introduced to them.

MRS. WALTON. (*aside*) Poor brother, how he raves!

MULLBRIDGE. And why should they want me to go to see Dr. Lane? What affair is it of theirs? Let me see that paper!

MRS. WALTON. (*picks up newspaper and gives it to him*) It's your duty to go.

MULLBRIDGE. I'll tell you what I will do. (*yawns*) I'll lie right down here, and see if I can't get a wink of sleep, I actually feel drowsy.

MRS. WALTON. Oh, do try. (*aside*) Nothing could be better—No one will come in, probably. I'll leave you—(MULLBRIDGE *lies down, throws paper over his head—paper should be large enough to cover him down to his trousers. Aside*) If the men will only come now! I hope I'm doing everything for the best! (*exit at* R. C. *entrance at back*)

(*Enter* MRS. JOY L. C. *at back.*)

MRS. JOY. (*sees* MULLBRIDGE) There he is now! I'd know those trousers among a thousand. Taking a nap indeed! (*goes up and pulls newspaper off* MULLBRIDGE'S *face. Starts back,* MULLBRIDGE *comes up quickly*) I beg your pardon—I thought—I thought it was—

MULLBRIDGE. (*angrily*) Will you be kind enough to give me that paper? (*seizes it, and flings it over his head, lying down again as he does so.* MRS. JOY *starts towards* L. 1 E. *Near* L. 1 E *nearly runs into Bundy who re-enters*)

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BUNDY. (*rejoiced*) Ah!

MRS. JOY. (*angry*) At last!

BUNDY. (*out of breath*) I'm so glad!

MRS. JOY. No, I shall not go on in such a state. I must go and bathe my face with cologne— (*going quickly towards* R. 2 E.)

BUNDY. (*quickly following*) But you'll hurry, won't you? The fact is I'm anxious to—

MRS. JOY. (*still crossing*) What is it you're in dread of?

BUNDY. My darling, you don't understand.

MRS. JOY. Evidently not!

BUNDY. Dear me, I presume we've missed the train— (*recollecting*) My dear we haven't decided yet where we shall go on our wedding tour. (*exeunt quickly,* MRS. JOY *first,* BUNDY *following* R. 2 E.)

MULLBRIDGE. (*rising and flinging newspaper down*) No, I can't sleep! Why should I wait for anybody to show me the way to Dr. Lane's? I'll go myself and get something to put me to sleep. (*exit hurriedly* L. C. *at back*)

(*Enter* BUNDY *at* R. 2 E.)

BUNDY. (*looks off*) I hope she won't keep me waiting too long. (*sighs*) Hard work—this getting married—(*sits down on sofa. Picks up paper*) I haven't seen the paper to-day. (*yawns*) I'm worn out. I'm so sleepy. She may be half an hour. (*yawns*) I believe I'll lie down. (*does so. Gets up again*) No, the light's too strong for my eyes. (*sees paper*) Ah! (*lies down again, spreading paper over himself as* MULLBRIDGE *did before*)

(*Enter* MRS. WALTON, THOMPSON *and another man, both plainly dressed* R. C. *at back, cautiously.*)

MRS. WALTON. (*low voice*) There he is—asleep. You'll wait till he wakes up, won't you? Then persuade him to take a walk. Dr. Lane says you're very gentle.

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THOMPSON. (R. C. *earnestly*) Ma'am—I'm a lamb!

MRS. WALTON. I'm so glad.

THOMPSON. He ought to be identified, ma'am. (*moves as if to raise newspaper*)

MRS. WALTON. No, no! He might see me. Let me get away first—You'll be very gentle, won't you?

THOMPSON. I couldn't be anything else, ma'am—not if I tried.

MRS. WALTON. (*sighs*) I hope I'm doing everything for the best. (*exit* R. C. *at back*)

THOMPSON. (*crosses down to* L. *of table, his companion down* R. *Change of manner but should not become too rough.*) I'm not going to wait all day for that old duffer to wake up. (*takes up book on table and bangs it.* BUNDY *starts up, and glares at them.* THOMPSON *rubbing his hands together; ingratiating manner*) Charming morning, don't you think so?

BUNDY. (*fiercely*) No!

THOMPSON. (*same manner*) Wouldn't you like to take a walk with me?

BUNDY. No! What business have you to talk to me about the weather?

THOMPSON. (*to his companion*) Oh, he's going to be troublesome.

BUNDY. (*light breaks in on him—rising*) Ah, you're another sheriff!

THOMPSON. (*laughs—to companion*) He's worse than I thought.

BUNDY. (*watching them*) No, they can't be—who are you? Am I to be followed about and dogged? Is this a conspiracy?

THOMPSON. (*to companion*) Conspiracy! Oh, he's really very bad! (*to* BUNDY) They want you to take a little walk with us and make a call. This is the place you're going to. (*showing card*—BUNDY *knocks it indignantly out of his hand*) You've got to come along, and you'd better do it quietly.

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(*Music pp.*)

BUNDY. This man must be insane!

(*They chase him around a little, catch him, and begin to drag him off* L. 2 E. *he pushing with his feet against the floor and resisting in every possible way.*)

BUNDY. Where are you taking me?

THOMPSON. To a private lunatic asylum.

BUNDY. What, on my wedding tour! (*they rush him off quickly, enter* MRS. JOY R. 2 E. *looking after them*)

MRS. JOY. (*throwing her her hands*) Arrested! (*music ff. Faints away on sofa*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

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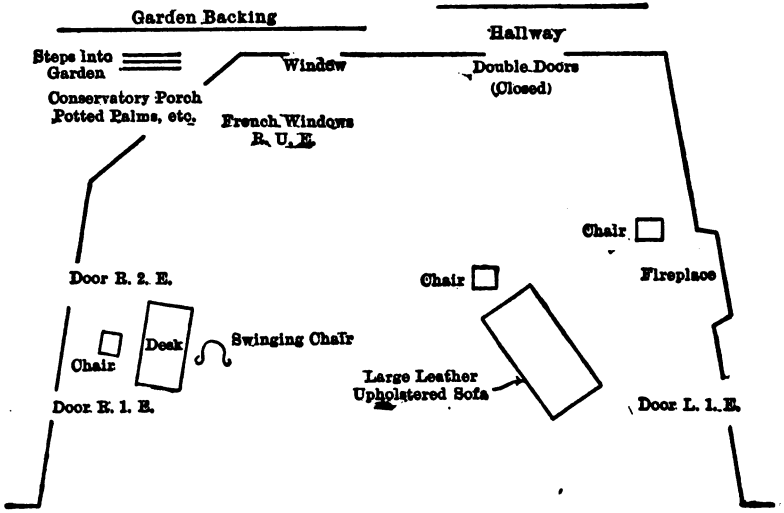
ACT IV



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ACT IV

SCENE:—*Consultation room;* DR. LANE'S *house on Washington Heights. Enter* DR. LANE *at* R. U. E. *taking off straw hat and mopping his forehead.*

DR. LANE. It's warm, working in the garden to-day—(*turning towards* R. *and speaking*) James!

JAMES. (*off*) Yes, sir.

DR. LANE. Don't go away. I've a patient coming. And—eh—James.

JAMES. (*off*) Yes, sir.

DR. LANE. Lock the door leading out of the garden.—(*turns down*) That Mrs. Walton is a fine woman—fine woman—I don't know when I've felt so brisk as I do to-day. (*goes down* R. C. *to desk—sits* L. *of same*)

(*Enter* MISS LANE *at* R. 1 E.)

DR. LANE. Ah, Alice! What a beautiful day! You're going to the concert at Steinway Hall this afternoon, are you not?

MISS LANE. (*crosses to* L. C. *a little uneasy*) Yes, Papa.

DR. LANE. (R. *sitting at desk.* MISS LANE *stands alongside, or perhaps behind him*) It's a long time since I've heard any music, and I feel in a gay humor to-day, somehow. I'd like to give myself a treat, and go with you.

MISS LANE. (*in dismay*) Y—e—e—s, Papa.

DR. LANE. But I can't. A poor insane gentleman I'm expecting will probably come just about that time.

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MISS LANE. (*looks relieved*) Who is it, Papa?

DR. LANE. It's nobody you know. I saw his sister this morning. A charming woman—

MISS LANE. (*does little caressing things at discretion, arranging his necktie or touching his hair*) Papa, do you know? I think you ought to get married.

DR. LANE. (*pleased*) Nonsense, my dear! An ugly old fellow like me!

MISS LANE. How can you say such things, Papa? A lady said the other day that you were a handsome man— (DR. LANE *pleased—little pause*) once. (DR. LANE *changes countenance*) You would be so much happier.

DR. LANE. No, nobody would have me—(*as if to change the subject*) Are you going to the concert alone?

MISS LANE. (*slight confusion*) Mr.—Ripley—is coming to go with me. (*caressing him*) Papa, I do wish you would be reasonable about—Tom—Mr. Ripley.

DR. LANE. (*rising and moving towards left*) My mind is fixed upon that point. So long as Mr. Bundy is opposed to the marriage, it shall never take place. (*irritated air*) You shall never marry into a family where you are not welcome.

MISS LANE. Well, he's the only relative Tom has—

DR. LANE. Please don't call him Tom!

MISS LANE. Mr. Ripley, I mean—and one uncle doesn't make a family exactly.

DR. LANE. You can continue your relations as friends, but I forbid you to think of him in any other way.

MISS LANE. (*sighs, aside*) I suppose I shall have to go away for two weeks, and come back and be forgiven.

DR. LANE. (*firmly*) And I shall expect to be

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obeyed. Parents have a right to the obedience of their children in these matters.

MISS LANE. (*demurely*) I've almost forgotten, Papa, but didn't you and Mamma run away to get married because—

DR. LANE. Isn't luncheon ready? Will you see about it?

MISS LANE. (*demurely*) Yes, Papa. (*exit at* R. 2 E. *Perhaps gives quiet little laugh just before going off, but it should not be loud*)

DR. LANE. (*walking towards left door*) Really, these girls— (*shaking his head*)

(*Enter* JAMES *at back* L. C.)

JAMES. (*down* C.) A gentleman to see you, sir.

DR. LANE. (L. C.) Who is it?

JAMES. He wouldn't give his name, sir.

DR. LANE. Show him in.

(*Exit* JAMES L. C. *at back.*)

DR. LANE. (*goes to desk, and takes out three bank bills, arranging them carefully on the desk*) I must lay those twenty dollar bills where he'll see them and understand that that is the fee. Really, they are wearing out. It must be three years now that I've been using them, and the patients always think they were left by the patients who were in just before them.

(*Enter* MULLBRIDGE *at back* L. C.)

DR. LANE. Good morning, sir. Will you be seated?

MULLBRIDGE. Thank you. (*crosses, sits in chair* R. *of desk* R.)

DR. LANE. (*seated* L. *of desk. Smiling. Rubbing his hands cheerfully*) Now, sir, will you tell me your symptoms?

MULLBRIDGE. Well, I am unable to sleep.

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DR. LANE. Ah, that won't do. We must get our full allowance of sleep.

MULLBRIDGE. I am exceedingly nervous.

DR. LANE. (*feels his pulse*) Our pulse seems to be good— (*blithe manner*) Now have we anything on our mind?

MULLBRIDGE. I should think I had!

DR. LANE. (*insinuatingly*) Anything that we could confide to a physician?

MULLBRIDGE. (*gloomily*) No!

DR. LANE. Well, now, I will tell you how we are to deal with that. (*moves forward in his chair.* MULLBRIDGE *likewise*) We will forget all about it.

MULLBRIDGE. (*as if struck with the idea*) Ah!

DR. LANE. We will cultivate repose and placidity of mind.

MULLBRIDGE. (*listening with great interest*) Yes.

DR. LANE.—and take a recumbent position as often as possible during the day.

MULLBRIDGE. I see—lie down.

DR. LANE. Exactly, lie down—and then with a soothing medicine, that I'll prescribe—(*writes prescription*) Do you live in a quiet place?

MULLBRIDGE. I am at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

DR. LANE. Indeed! I am just expecting an insane gentleman from there who is coming here for treatment. (*making a motion as if to feel in his pockets*) I really forget the name—something like —Humph—but it's no matter.

MULLBRIDGE. (*aside*) I wonder if it could be Bundy. No, though after what Dobbins said—

DR. LANE. Get a quiet room to sleep in, come and see me again, (*they rise*) and remember that you are to forget all about it. And that you are always to be cheerful. Cheerfulness is a feature of my system.

MULLBRIDGE. Thank you, sir. Pardon me, sir, but you are a great physician. (*they shake hands.*)

DR. LANE. (*deprecatingly*) Oh! (*walks aside*)

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(MULLBRIDGE *looks down at the twenty dollar bills, takes out his money, and lays down a bill.*)

DR. LANE. (*aside*) I hope he won't notice the numbers—or take one of the bills. I've known patients to do strange things.—Now, won't you stop and take a bite of luncheon with me? Perhaps you would like to take a little stroll in the garden first. I find the garden has a tranquillizing effect upon my patients. It's quite a feature in my system.

MULLBRIDGE. Thank you, I believe I will. (*moves towards* R. U. E.)

DR. LANE. (*taking up bill* MULLBRIDGE *has laid down*) If you will excuse me, I have some little matters to attend to.

MULLBRIDGE. Certainly. (*exits* R. U. E.)

DR. LANE. A most intelligent person. (*exit* R. 1 E.)

BUNDY. (*voice heard outside*) You wretches! (*doors at back* L. C. *suddenly fly open showing* BUNDY *in the grasp of* THOMPSON *and his companion. The two men show marks of a severe struggle, hats smashed and clothes torn*) Oh, you cut-throats!

THOMPSON. Come along now! (*dragging him in.*)

BUNDY. (*they drag him to sofa* L. *and let him down facing audience*) Well if there are courts in New York State, somebody shall suffer for this!

THOMPSON. Well, if he's what they call a *gentle* patient, I hope I'll never have one that's at all *wild.*

BUNDY. (*out of breath*) This is retribution, I suppose, for that beastly trick I played Dobbins—and where am I?

THOMPSON. This is Dr. Lane's.

BUNDY. Very well! Dr. Lane and I have an account to settle.

THOMPSON. (C.) Would you mind settlin' some others first, sir? You smashed my hat. (*should be high hat.*)

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BUNDY. (*taking out money*) What did it cost?

THOMPSON. (*promptly*) Ten dollars, sir—(*aside*) to the first man that wore it.

BUNDY. (*gives them each money*) There—(*to* THOMPSON *quietly*) And now I'll give you twenty dollars for the privilege of killing you.

THOMPSON. (R.) You're very kind, sir, but I really shouldn't know what to do with the money. And then there's the cushions, sir, you tore out of the cab.

BUNDY. Dr. Lane can pay for those.

(*Enter* DR. LANE *at* R. 1 E.)

DR. LANE. (R. C. *cheerfully rubbing his hands*) Ah, so you've come, sir?

BUNDY. (*rises. Crosses to* C. *low tone of suppressed ferocity*) I was *dragged* here—abducted—Stop rubbing your hands like that!

DR. LANE. Eh?

BUNDY. So you're the chief of this conspiracy.

DR. LANE. (*soothingly, crosses to* BUNDY, *strokes him gently*) Now don't let us get excited, and so derange our heart and liver.

BUNDY. Go away! I don't want to be stroked like a cat! (*sits on sofa* L.)

DR. LANE. (*aside*) Dear me, he's worse than I expected to find him.

THOMPSON. Oh, he's bad. (*down* R. C.)

DR. LANE. (C.) Was he violent? (THOMPSON *hands him crushed hat in silence*—DR. LANE *looking at hat critically*) It looks like acute mania attendant upon general paresis—(*hands hat back*) We'll leave him a while till this excitement passes off. Solitude, you know, is an important feature of my system. (THOMPSON *and* COMPANION *exeunt at* R. 2 E.) Now, I'll leave you—

BUNDY. (*rising*) How did I get here? That's what I want to know, you bandit!

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DR. LANE. Now—now—you see Mrs. Walton thought—

BUNDY. Mrs. Walton—A plot to prevent my marriage!

DR. LANE. (*aside*) Ah! Always on marriage.

BUNDY. I've read of such things in novels and newspapers—

DR. LANE. (*soothing, deprecating tone*) Now—now——

BUNDY. But I never thought I should be a victim—

DR. LANE. Now let us try and compose ourselves. You're among friends, you know. (*going up* R.) I may as well tell you there is no possibility of escape either by the front door or the garden. Perhaps you'd like to take a stroll in the garden——

BUNDY. (*following him*) You'll pay for this—you and that *widow* that brought me here!

DR. LANE. (*aside*) Ah! Always talking about the widow. (*going out,* R. 2 E. *turns back; only his head appearing, quickly, as if a little frightened.* BUNDY *starts for him*) Perhaps you'd like to take a *nap.* (*voice runs up a little shrill on word "nap." Exits at* R. 2 E.)

BUNDY. (*shouting*) I'll hire twenty lawyers!—(*turns, paces down* L.)—No, I won't. If I have too many lawyers, I'll never get out of here. (*is near front* L., *turns towards* R.)

(*Enter* MULLBRIDGE *at* R. U. E. *Each starts at sight of the other.*)

MULLBRIDGE. (R. *low tone*) Dear me, the insane man who was coming *was* Bundy!

BUNDY. (C. *low tone*) So they've had to put Mullbridge in an asylum! (*they eye one another anxiously*)

MULLBRIDGE. (*same business*) He looks as if he might be violent. Strange that I never saw before that he was insane.

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BUNDY. I could see now that he's crazy the moment I look at him.

MULLBRIDGE. I suppose it's better to seem at ease with him.

BUNDY and MULLBRIDGE. (*start towards each other at the same moment with a frightened grin*) Er—er—how are you? (*they shake hands, and then draw off a little and look at each other timidly*)

BUNDY. (*very friendly manner*) Er—er—Been here long?

MULLBRIDGE. No. (*aside*) Poor fellow, he thinks I'm an inmate too.

BUNDY. (*aside*) Well, he might think that—(*to* MULLBRIDGE) Of course, you understand that *I* am not insane.

MULLBRIDGE. Oh, of course! (*sighs*) (*aside*) That's what the insane always say—But I don't want to have even *him* think that—(*to* BUNDY) Of course, you understand that *I* am not insane.

BUNDY. Oh, certainly not. (*aside*) That's what they always say.

MULLBRIDGE. Beautiful day!

BUNDY. Yes. (*aside*) Poor fellow!

MULLBRIDGE. I've just had a stroll in the garden and enjoyed it.

BUNDY. Good idea—yes I thought I should enjoy one myself. (*begins to move towards* R. *keeping his eyes fixed on* MULLBRIDGE)

MULLBRIDGE. (*aside*) Poor fellow! (*beginning to move towards* L. *keeping his eyes fixed on* BUNDY. *They turn around each other in this way; at one point each makes a sudden start in fear of the other*)

BUNDY and MULLBRIDGE. Eh?

BUNDY. I'll see you later. (*exit hastily at* R. U. E.)

MULLBRIDGE. (L.—*sighs*) Ah, that's very sad.

(*Enter* MRS. WALTON *at back* L. C. *Is afraid of him.*)

MRS. WALTON. (*low tone*) It takes all my courage to approach him now.

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MULLBRIDGE. Ah! sister!

MRS. WALTON. Yes, brother!

MULLBRIDGE. Why, you seem to be afraid of me.

MRS. WALTON. (*tremulously*) Oh, no—(*aside*) He seems quiet. They said he was violent, coming here.

MULLBRIDGE. I like Dr. Lane so much.

MRS. WALTON. Then you are not angry with me?

MULLBRIDGE. Why should I be? I'm grateful to you for bringing Dr. Lane and me together!

MRS. WALTON. I'm so glad—

MULLBRIDGE. He understood my case instantly. I'm going to find him now—(*crosses to* R.) (*aside*) I won't tell her about Bundy, I think she was inclined to be fond of him. (*exit at* R. 2 E.)

(*Enter* BUNDY *at* R. U. E.)

MRS. WALTON. (*aside,* L. C.) So they had to bring Mr. Bundy here to-day too!

BUNDY. (*folding his arms, and looking at her fiercely*) Ah, you're here, madam—To gloat over your work! (R. C. *up stage*)

MRS. WALTON. (*frightened—aside*) Why, the poor man's simply——

BUNDY. You thought you could prevent my marriage with Mrs. Joy.

MRS. WALTON. With Mrs. Joy!

BUNDY. But you were too late. We were married this afternoon.

MRS. WALTON. (*aside*) And Mrs. Joy left town this morning——Oh, his mind is completely gone!

BUNDY. You have a large fortune, madam. You'll need it all. I'll sue you.

MRS. WALTON. (*frightened*) Dear! Dear! (*she is between him and audience towards left front, keeps moving about as if trying to escape. He follows her about, not as if to threaten her, of course, but simply denouncing her*)

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BUNDY. I'll get out a writ of *habeas corpus!*

MRS. WALTON. What a dreadful thing to say! (*dodging about*)

BUNDY. (*following*) I'll have you indicted for conspiracy!

MRS. WALTON. Oh!

BUNDY. I'll sue you for false imprisonment!

MRS. WALTON. Oh, I must escape somewhere!

BUNDY. I'll have you expelled from your church! —(MRS. WALTON *rushes out at back* L. C.) (BUNDY *sits down on sofa*) I feel better.

(*Enter* ALICE LANE *at* R. 2 E. *Goes to end of desk up stage, and busies herself there, evidently to get an opportunity to observe* BUNDY.)

MISS LANE. (*aside, looking at* BUNDY) I've often been able to quiet Papa's patients. I don't see why people should ever be afraid of them. (BUNDY *gets up and walks towards left*)

BUNDY. (*folding his arms and talking, towards left*) I shall demand an investigation of the insane asylums. I shall be called as the principal witness. The committee will sit in the Assembly Chamber to accommodate the vast crowd. What shall I say? (*pauses a moment as if to consider*)

MISS LANE. What is he talking to himself about?

BUNDY. (*turning more towards the front, so that* MISS LANE *can be supposed to hear*) Gentlemen of the Committee, when the liberty of a single citizen is assailed, the State itself is in danger.

MISS LANE. How he does rave! But he looks harmless.

BUNDY. (*sees her*) Dear, dear. (*sighs and shakes his head*) And this gentle, lovely girl is a lunatic!

MISS LANE. (*aside*) I don't believe he could have been so violent.

BUNDY. (*aside*) What could have turned her brain? Some disappointment in love, perhaps.

MISS LANE. (*aside*) He looks like a kind, good

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man—(*advancing a little towards* BUNDY, *kindly, sweetly and as if without fear of him*) It's a lovely morning, sir.

BUNDY. (*advancing towards her*) Yes, yes, a beautiful morning. (*he takes her hand*) And what is your name, my poor child?

MISS LANE. Alice.

BUNDY. Ah, a sweet name,—and a sensible one too. (*aside, contemptuously*) The name of that girl of Tom's is Birdie.—Let us sit down. (*He sits on sofa—she in chair* L. *of desk—swing chair*) Have you—er—been here long?

MISS LANE. (*laughs a little—aside*) Oh, yes—a long time. (*aside*) I do believe he thinks—(*to* BUNDY) Of course, you know I am not insane.

BUNDY. Oh, no! (*sighs. Aside*) That's what they all say. I wonder if she has an idea that—(*to* MISS LANE) Of course, you know that *I* am not insane.

MISS LANE. (*reassuringly*) Oh, certainly! (*aside*) Poor things, that's what they all say!

BUNDY. Were you ever in love?

MISS LANE. (*laughs a little, but not so that it would seem unkind if she were really talking to an insane person. Aside*) What a question! They say his mind *runs* on *widows* and marriage. (*laughs*)

BUNDY. (*aside*) She laughs! Poor creature!

MISS LANE. Yes, I'm in love now.

BUNDY. (*aside*) She's happier so, no doubt.

MISS LANE. (*after taking a look at him, aside*) I believe I'll tell him. It may interest him and quiet him.—Yes, I am in love, but my marriage is opposed by my boy's uncle and guardian.

BUNDY. (*aside*) I knew it. A disappointment in love.

MISS LANE. I've never seen him, but my boy says he's a very irascible old gentleman—or at least he has become so lately. And he won't hear of the

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marriage, and we can't make out why. Isn't it *horrid* of him?

BUNDY. (*enthusiastically*) Outrageous! (*recollecting*) Ahem! that is to say——

MISS LANE. So my father refuses *his* consent, because the uncle refuses *his*. But we shall be married yet—

BUNDY. Poor child! She believes she will be married yet!

MISS LANE. (*dropping her voice and looking about*)—And that before very long!

BUNDY. (*aside*) Hope on poor girl! May she never be awakened from her sweet dreams by the rude light of returning reason.

MISS LANE. Yes, I have a secret—I must tell it to somebody. My boy and I are going to be married without their consent. We are going to run away, to-day, then we shall take a trip and come back and be forgiven.

BUNDY. (*aside*) Poor girl! I dare say she goes through this every day.

MISS LANE. We shall pretend to go to the concert at Steinway Hall and then we shall elope. Perhaps it's wrong, but our parents and guardians are obstinate, they force us to do it.

BUNDY. (*soothingly*) Yes, yes—strange how obstinate people sometimes are about such things.

MISS LANE. Isn't it? (*aside*) How sensibly he talks. I don't believe he's very bad.

BUNDY. I have a nephew who wants to marry against my wishes—a pigheaded, obstinate boy!

MISS LANE. Oh, your *nephew* is obstinate!—that isn't the way it is with my boy. He's perfectly reasonable, but it is his *uncle* who is obstinate!

BUNDY. It's just the other way with me. Nobody could be more reasonable than I am about it, but my nephew is as stubborn as a mule!

MISS LANE. (*soothingly*) There—there! (*aside*) I dare say he has no nephew. (*crosses to him*)

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BUNDY. (*angry*) His stubbornness—and persistency—make me—

MISS LANE. There—there!—(*takes his hand, and strokes it soothingly*) I'm sure he'll make a marriage that will be pleasing to you. He'll marry somebody you like, I *know*.

BUNDY. It's been rather an exciting day for me. I was married this afternoon, and ever since, I've been trying to get off on my wedding tour.

MISS LANE. (*aside, shaking her head*) He's worse than I thought.

BUNDY. I really feel quite exhausted.

MISS LANE. Wouldn't you like to lie down? (*arranging cushions, etc.*) Do lie down right here, and see if you can't get a little nap. (*aside*) An excellent thing for him.

BUNDY. Thank you—thank you, my dear. (*aside*) A sweet girl! And how clear her mind is on ordinary subjects!—(*lies down with head towards front of stage*)

MISS LANE. Now here's a light cover. (*laying light rug over him*) You ought never to sleep, you know, without something over you.

BUNDY. You won't go away, will you?

MISS LANE. (*tucks him in and arranges his pillows*) No, I'll sit right here by you. (*sits in chair near his head, takes one of his hands in one of hers, and with other strokes his head*) He's a dear, kind gentle man, I'm sure. I wish Tom's uncle was like him. I'm sure he'll get better soon. Poor man, I believe he's asleep already. (*begins to sing softly. After strain or two enter* MRS. JOY *at back* L. C. *flurried and excited, ushered in by* JAMES. *They do not come all the way down.* MISS LANE *goes on calmly stroking* BUNDY'S *head and singing*)

JAMES. (R. C.) I'll tell Dr. Lane, ma'am. Any name, ma'am?

MRS. JOY. (C.) Mrs. Joy—no; Mrs. Bundy—no

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—I don't know whether I'm married or not!—I don't know what my name is!

JAMES. (*bewildered*) Yes, ma'am.

MRS. JOY. Tell him, a lady—(*showing card*) that's his card, isn't it?

JAMES. (*looking at it*) Yes, ma'am.

MRS. JOY. I found it on the floor.

JAMES. (*bewildered*) What, ma'am?

MRS. JOY. (*testily*) I say, I found it on the floor!

JAMES. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. JOY. Has anyone by the name of Bundy been here to-day?

JAMES. No, ma'am.

MRS. JOY. Well, tell Dr. Lane I want to see if *he* can solve this mystery.

JAMES. (*bewildered*) I beg pardon, ma'am.

MRS. JOY. (*testily*) If he can solve this mystery.

JAMES. Yes, ma'am. (*exit at* R. 2 E. *looking wonderingly at her as he goes off*)

(MRS. JOY *moves down to where she sees* BUNDY. *Throws up her hands in amazement.*)

MISS LANE. (*calmly, still stroking* BUNDY'S *forehead and holding his hand. Aside*) Evidently another of Papa's crazy patients.

MRS. JOY. (*furious*) He begins well upon my word!

MISS LANE. (*same business as before*) Oh, she's much worse than he is.

BUNDY. (*in his sleep seizes* MISS LANE'S *hand and kisses it, murmuring*) Sweet girl!

MRS. JOY. What, right before my eyes?

MISS LANE. Sh—sh—sh. (*motioning her to be quiet*)

MRS. JOY. (R. C.) He must be crazy!

MISS LANE. (*some warmth*) You mustn't talk that way to him, you know well enough people don't like to be told they're insane. I'm very sure you

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don't like it yourself when people tell you you're insane.

MRS. JOY. (*gasping*) I shall faint!

MISS LANE. I hope you won't, for I can't attend to you if you do. (MRS. JOY *starts forward as if she would shake him*) (MISS LANE, *rising, stopping her*) Now stop. You mustn't touch him. He's my pet. (MRS. JOY *beside herself*) I've grown very fond of him.

MRS. JOY. Have you no shame, you young—Jezebel?

MISS LANE. (*aside*) It's time for the—the—concert. I can't wait another minute. (*her manner mild but firm as if addressing a child or person of weak mind*) I've got to go now, but you mustn't disturb him. He's having a nice nap and it's very important that he should be kept quiet.

MRS. JOY. I never saw anything so brazen in all my life!

MISS LANE. (*arranging his covers, etc.*) He's such a dear nice old man—perfectly harmless. You won't say any more horrid things to him, *will* you?

MRS. JOY. I shall choke! (*up stage*)

MISS LANE. (*going* R.) And you will let him sleep, won't you? And you *won't* pull him about, will you? (*exit at* R. 1 E.)

MRS. JOY. (*looking after her*) Is this a dream?

MISS LANE. (*putting her head in at door* R. 1 E.) And you will be good to him, won't you? (*exit* R. 1 E.)

MRS. JOY. (*to herself*) I will, indeed! (*goes to* BUNDY *and shakes him*)

BUNDY. (*grapples with her, rising half awake*) Let me go, you cut-throat!

MRS. JOY. (*shakes him*) What, calling me names, too!

BUNDY. (*they are standing so that as* BUNDY *comes up fairly on sofa he confronts her*) Lucy!—Well, have they brought *you* here too? (*attempts to*

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embrace her, but she repulses him and walks away)

MRS. JOY. (*sharply*) Mr. Bundy for a wedding day this has been somewhat peculiar. (*little touch of breathless manner*) And the strangest thing of all is that I should find you here, taking a comfortable nap while a young lady stroked your head.

BUNDY. That young lady's insane.

MRS. JOY. (*looking at him in scorn, and then turning away, perhaps repeating this without saying anything; then*) You will have to do better than that, if you expect me to believe you.

BUNDY. (*crossing to* C.) But I assure you, *she's* insane.

MRS. JOY. (*back to* R. C.) That was what she had the impertinence to tell me I was!

BUNDY. But my dear that's always the way with the insane.

MRS. JOY. You don't do it at all well, sir. What were you arrested for?

BUNDY. Ah, then you don't know? This is a private insane asylum.

MRS. JOY. What!

BUNDY. (*quickly*) And who do you suppose had me consigned here? Mrs. Walton.

MRS. JOY. (*quickly*) Ah! Now I understand her talk to me this morning.

BUNDY. (*quickly*) She talked of it?

MRS. JOY. (*quickly*) She said some things I understand now, though I didn't then.

BUNDY. (*quickly*) I knew it. A deliberate plot! If we can escape from here—

MRS. JOY. (*frightened*) Let us go at once.

BUNDY. If we could get out now, we might be in time to take the train for—(*about to go up* C.—*recollecting—coming back*) My dear, we haven't decided yet where we'll go on our wedding tour!

(*Enter promptly* DR. LANE *at* R. 2 E.)

DR. LANE. You wished to see me, Madam?

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BUNDY. Yes sir, this lady has come at a fortunate moment, sir, to convince you—(*polite air*) with all respect for you personally that—(*angry*) you're an egregious idiot!

DR. LANE. (R. *soothing manner*) There, there, I dare say—and may I ask who you are, Madam?

MRS. JOY. (C.) His wife, sir.

DR. LANE. (*astonished*) When were you married?

BUNDY. (L.) To-day, sir.

DR. LANE. (*aside*) His mania about marriage has had its effect! This will be a great blow to his sister—(*to* MRS. JOY) I have a painful duty to perform, Madam.

MRS. JOY. (*alarmed*) Sir!

DR. LANE. Your marriage is illegal.

MRS. JOY. What!

BUNDY. After fifteen years of effort I am not married, after all!

DR. LANE. (*calmly*) This unfortunate gentleman is a lunatic. He was examined only this morning——

MRS. JOY. This morning!

DR. LANE. By two physicians, and pronounced insane.

BUNDY. (*low whisper of intense rage*) You're a liar, sir! You're a liar!

MRS. JOY. (*half tearfully*) You told me nothing about being examined.

DR. LANE. Ah, madam, you don't know the *cunning* of the insane. I could tell you things about a gentleman who thought he was a tea-kettle, that would make your blood run cold.

BUNDY. Is there any insult that you'll resent? I should like to tear you—(*dropping his voice to a whisper*) limb from limb.

MRS. JOY. I don't know what to think. (*drops down on sofa and begins to cry aloud*)

BUNDY. Well, if you're going to believe it, I

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may as well prepare to spend the rest of my days in this asylum. (MRS. JOY *cries aloud*)

DR. LANE. I advise you, Madam, to return to your friends at once.

MRS. JOY. (*cries aloud for an instant*) It was certainly very strange that you were examined only this morning by two doctors and found insane, and that you never thought to mention it to me. (*cries again*)

BUNDY. (*distracted*) If this goes on much longer, I shall be insane. (*bolts out of door at* L. 1 E.)

MRS. JOY. Samuel! Even if you are, I'll—I'll forgive you. (*exit at* L. 1 E.)

(*Enter* MISS LANE *at* R. 1 E. *dressed to go out.*)

DR. LANE. (R.) Ah, you're going now, Alice?

MISS LANE. (C.) Yes, Papa—I'm expecting Mr. Ripley every moment—I couldn't go without saying good-bye. (*kisses him*)

DR. LANE. Good-bye, dear.

MISS LANE. There, your necktie is all awry again. (*adjusts it. Should be a tie that can be tied*) What would you do without me, I wonder, to keep you in order? (*aside*) Oh, I don't like to think of that. But, after all, it's only two weeks. (DR. LANE *has started towards left in absent-minded way*) Good-bye, Papa.

DR. LANE. (*without looking around*) Good-bye, my dear. (MISS LANE *sighs*)

(*Enter* BUNDY *at* R. U. E.)

MISS LANE. (*wistfully*) Good-bye, Papa.

BUNDY. (*up* R. C. *aside*) She thinks she's his daughter.

DR. LANE. (*now looking toward front absently*) Eh? Good-bye, Daughter.

BUNDY. (*aside*) He humors her.

MISS LANE. (*aside*) I can hardly bear to go. (*busies herself with things on desk as if for an excuse for remaining*)

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BUNDY. (*moves quickly over to* DR. LANE *earnestly*) Is that young lady going out alone?

DR. LANE. (*quietly*) No, with a friend

BUNDY. She's not a dangerous case, then?

DR. LANE. (*slightly amused*) Oh, no.

BUNDY. I've got something important to tell you.

MISS LANE. (*aside*) What is he talking so earnestly to papa about? (*moves over towards them with her back to* DR. LANE *listening anxiously*)

MISS LANE. DR. LANE. BUNDY.

BUNDY. (*earnestly*) She may be more dangerous than you think, she has a plan for running away this afternoon. (MISS LANE *listens in terror*) She's going to elope, as she says in her touching, insane way, and if I were you, I'd keep her safely indoors.

DR. LANE. (*very calmly*) You're very kind, I'm much obliged to you for telling me this.

MISS LANE. (*aside—still has her back turned to* DR. LANE) What am I going to say?

BUNDY. You'll heed the warning, then?

DR. LANE. (*calmly*) I certainly shall.

BUNDY. (*turns to left to go*) Then I've saved the poor girl, from terrible danger, perhaps. (*exits at* L. 1 E.)

DR. LANE. (*quiet amusement which* MISS LANE *does not see, as she keeps her back still turned*) O, Alice.

MISS LANE. (R. *bus. of suspense*) Yes, Papa.

DR. LANE. (L.) Do you know what that old gentleman was saying to me?

MISS LANE. (*same bus.*) What, Papa?

DR. LANE. (*beginning to laugh*) Why, he thinks you're insane. Ha, ha, ha!

MISS LANE. How very funny. Ha! Ha! (*weak attempt to laugh*)

DR. LANE. But best of it all is that he— (*laughing*) he— (*laughing,* MISS LANE *making breathless attempts to join him*) he says you're going to elope this afternoon. Ha, ha, ha!

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MISS LANE. (*forced laugh*) Ha, ha, ha!

DR. LANE. You can't help being amused at him. It is very funny! Ha, ha, ha!

MISS LANE. (*beginning to laugh in earnest*) Yes, it is *really* funny! Ha, ha, ha!

DR. LANE. (*laughing*) Insane, ha, ha! (*they move towards* R. 2 E.)

MISS LANE. (*laughing*) Yes, ha, ha!

DR. LANE. (*laughing*) Elope! Ha, ha!

MISS LANE. (*laughing*) Yes, ha, ha!—It is *really* funny, papa. (*laughing, exit* R. 2 E.)

(*Enter at* L. 1 E. BUNDY *and* MRS. JOY. BUNDY *has hat on his head—cocked on one side in determined manner. From this point to close, piece should be acted with greatest possible rapidity.*)

BUNDY. (L. C. MRS. JOY L.) We'll fight our way out!

DR. LANE. (*alarmed*) He's becoming violent again! (*calling*) Thompson, James! (*enter* JAMES *quickly at* R. 1 E. THOMPSON *at* R. U. E.) Seize him! (JAMES *and* THOMPSON *seize his coat-tails gingerly and try to pull him. Business of struggle. They are afraid of him*)

(*Enter* RIPLEY L. C. *at back.*)

RIPLEY. Why, Uncle, what's this?

(JAMES *and* THOMPSON *let go.*)

BUNDY. Tom, bless you, you're just in time. (BUNDY *starts down stage with* RIPLEY. *Exit* JAMES L. *at back as if in fright.* MRS. JOY *near left*) I have been brought here as a lunatic!

RIPLEY. (*astonished—then aside*) I see. Some mistake.

BUNDY. Will you tell them that I am not insane?

RIPLEY. (*as if idea had struck him*) Well, Uncle, you see I am in doubt whether—

BUNDY. What!

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RIPLEY. Your opposition to my marriage, now, has sometimes seemed to me worthy of a disordered mind. (*begins to laugh*)

(*Exit* THOMPSON *at* R. U. E.)

BUNDY. (*beginning to understand*) Tom Ripley!

RIPLEY. Now, Uncle, you see I have you in my power.

BUNDY. You young rascal!

RIPLEY. Consent to my marriage. (*enter* MISS LANE *at* R. 2 E. *down* R. *of* BUNDY) And I'll vouch for you as as sane and reasonable an uncle as ever worried his nephew.

BUNDY. I might, if your Birdie were like this lovely creature—the only one here who has been kind to me. (*confidentially*) A disappointment in love robbed her of her reason. (*pointing to* MISS LANE—*general astonishment*)

(*Enter* MULLBRIDGE *at* R. U. E. *down* R.)

RIPLEY. (L. C. *astonished*) Since when? Why, that *is* Birdie.

BUNDY. (C. *astonished, pointing at* MULLBRIDGE) And is that man sane? (*crosses to* DR. LANE)

DR. LANE. (R. C.) Perfectly. A most intelligent man.

BUNDY. Then the only lunatic here is—myself—(*to* RIPLEY *and* MISS LANE) Children, I give you my blessing, and one piece of advice. Don't ever get married— (*passes* MISS LANE *to* RIPLEY, *they sit on sofa* L. RIPLEY *and* MISS LANE *aggrieved*) I mean, don't ever go on a wedding tour.

RIPLEY. (*to* MISS LANE) Uncle's wedding tour, and ours, did come to the same place, after all.

MULLBRIDGE. (R. *corner*) I'll go to Saratoga and get married. My sister be hanged! (*exit quickly at back,* L. C.)

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(*Enter* JAMES *at back, as if ushering someone in.*)

DR. LANE. (*addressing* BUNDY) Now, Mr. Mullbridge—

BUNDY. My name is not Mullbridge. My name is Bundy, and I want to go on my wedding tour.

DR. LANE. Eh? They got the wrong man—

(BUNDY *crosses* L. C. *to* MRS. JOY.)

MRS. WALTON. (*outside*) He's escaping! (*enters* L. C. *at back*) My brother's escaping!

DR. LANE. That was your brother then!

MRS. WALTON. Oh, I am so afraid of him. (*crosses to* DR. LANE)

DR. LANE. (R.) Have no fear, Madam. Your brother is perfectly sane. (*tenderly*) But *you* need my tenderest care. (*taking her hand*)

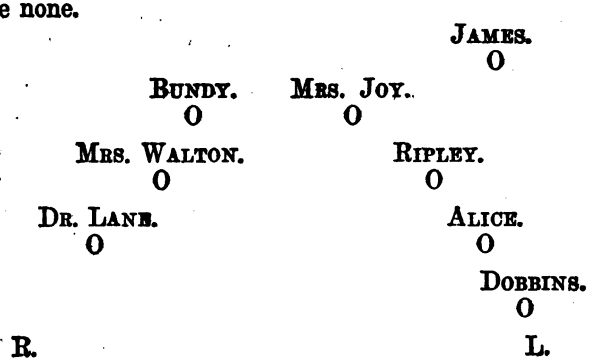
DOBBINS. (*bolting in at back down* L. *corner*) The Judge fined me a hundred dollars!

BUNDY. (C.) My dear we haven't decided yet where we'll go on our wedding tour.

RIPLEY. What! are you married, Uncle?

ALL. You—The Woman-Hater!

BUNDY. Let me tell you a little secret about Woman-Haters—(*pause—confidential manner*) There are none.



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